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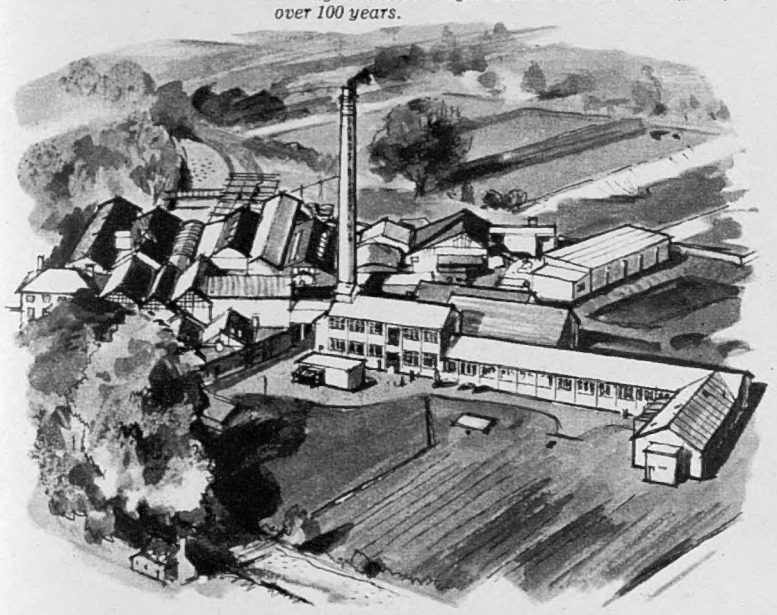

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THE SPHERE

LONDON, February 24, 1962

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PRINCE PHILIP IN VENEZUELA

The Duke of Edinburgh talks to President Betancourt of Venezuela in the Miraflores Palace in Caracas, the Venezuelan capital. Leaning forward behind them is Rear-Admiral Calcano, acting as interpreter during Prince Philip's visit to the Palace. Venezuela was the second South American country on the Duke of Edinburgh's tour. During his stay, he spent a private weekend at a secluded hacienda, went to Maracaibo, the centre of Venezuela's huge oil industry, and saw various British industrial developments in the republic. From Venezuela, the Duke of Edinburgh flew in his Dart-Herald to Colombia. For part of the flight he was at the controls of the aircraft. Thick clouds covered the sky on his arrival at El Dorado airport in the Bogota valley, and on his drive through the narrow streets of Bogota, the Colombian capital, he was caught in a sudden rainstorm. Thousands of people lined the route of the journey to cheer Prince Philip, who remained in the open air although without a raincoat or umbrella. As in Venezuela, one of the Duke's first engagements was to honour Simon Bolivar, the liberator of much of South America from the Spanish. In both Maracaibo and Bogota, Prince Philip laid wreaths at statues to Bolivar. From Bogota, he flew to Ecuador

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NEWS SUMMARY

For and against a Summit next month; more tension over access to Berlin; Tanganyika to be a republic; British property freed in Syria; new United States move over Cuba

INTERNATIONAL

President Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan replied last week to Mr. Khrushchev's proposal that the opening of the eighteen-power disarmament conference starting in Geneva on March 14 should be a Summit, attended by the Heads of Government of the countries concerned. Polite letters from **Washington** and **London** rejected the suggestion. Reference was made to the earlier Anglo-American idea for a meeting of their Foreign Ministers with the Foreign Minister of Russia to discuss disarmament before the beginning of the eighteen-power talks. From the tripartite conversations the next stage would be round the full conference table. Then, if sufficient progress was made, there might well be a case for the Summit, perhaps in May. The conference is scheduled to report to the U.N. Disarmament Commission before June 1.

The states to attend the conference are: Britain, the U.S.A., Canada, France and Italy for the Western nations; Russia, Czechoslovakia, Poland Rumania and Bulgaria, for the Soviet Communist bloc; and Sweden, India, Burma, Nigeria, Ethiopa, Brazil, Mexico and the United Arab Republic, representing non-aligned opinion. Up to Monday last, it had been reported that Mr. Nehru would not attend for India and that Dr. Tage Erlander, the Swedish Prime Minister, would be prepared to go to Geneva provided all the other Heads of Government concerned were going.

Russian pressure continued on the air access corridors from West Germany to **Berlin.** Britain, the U.S.A. and France protested in **Moscow** against Soviet claims for certain exclusive rights in the corridors. These protests were reportedly rejected. The air corridors are controlled from the Four-power Berlin Air Safety Centre. Russian withdrawal from this in favour of East Germany could have most serious diplomatic consequences (see also John Connell, page 306).

GREAT BRITAIN

By last weekend, after gales had twice swept Yorkshire and North-East England, many areas of **Sheffield** were scenes of devastation. In all, nearly 100 houses were destroyed and over 100,000 damaged, at a cost estimated at £2,000,000. Dr. Hill, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, toured the area and said afterwards that he was "giving urgent consideration" to the matter of direct aid and that he was to discuss with Mr. Macmillan the amount of financial help the Government could offer Sheffield. Other cities badly hit by the gales included Bradford, Huddersfield, Barnsley and Leeds. (See also page 303.)

After the longest murder trial in Britain, twenty-one days, James Hanratty was found guilty at the **Bedfordshire** Assizes of the capital murder of Michael John Gregsten, at the end of the A6 trial. The jury was out for nine hours and forty-eight minutes before announcing their verdict. Hanratty was to appeal.

Leaders of the three railway unions, after they saw the Prime Minister, agreed to accept the 3 per cent. pay rise from April 1 offered by Dr. Beeching, Chairman of the British Transport Commission. Mr. Macmillan and Dr. Beeching made it clear that a further wage claim would be sympathetically considered later.

In Valletta, Malta, women, wearing national dress, take part in a pilgrimage on behalf of a Catholic Malta, organised by the Commission for Catholic Lay Organisations before the General Election. Polling took place last weekend

Lord Dalton, the Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1945-47, died last week in St. Pancras Hospital, London, at the age of seventy-four. He had been ill for some time. Hugh Dalton, son of a Canon of Windsor and educated at Eton and Cambridge, was one of the key figures in the Labour Party in its rise to power.

AFRICA

Mr. Sandys, the British Commonwealth Relations Secretary, continued discussions with political leaders in the Central African Federation. A barrier of secrecy on the talks caused much speculation. After three days in **Zomba** with Nyasaland's Premier, Dr. Banda, Mr. Sandys resumed talks in **Salisbury**, the Federal capital, with Federal Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky. The talks were said to have been on Nyasaland's continued insistence on secession, and the future of Northern Rhodesia.

Tanganyika's first National Assembly since independence opened in **Dar-es-Salaam** last week, and approved a motion to amend the Constitution "to provide that Tanganyika becomes a republic within the Commonwealth as quickly as possible." The Government also announced that it was to introduce land reforms, and a commission to plan for rapid Africanisation of the public service.

In Congo, the Katanga Assembly ratified the agreement signed by M. Adoula, the Central Government Premier, and M. Tshombe, the Katangese President, at **Kitona,** in December. Later M. Tshombe invited M. Adoula to the U.N. base at Kamina in Central Katanga, for talks "free from all external influence."

MIDDLE EAST

President Tito returned to **Cairo** from Khartoum early this week. Before going back to Yugoslavia he was resuming the talks he had earlier begun with President Nasser. Subjects under discussion were believed to include the Geneva Conference on Disarmament; policies for non-aligned states and economic groupings in various parts of the world. (See page 303 for picture of Tito's wife in Luxor.)

A presidential decree issued by the Syrian Government in **Beirut** stated that the sequestration of British, French and Belgian property and assets in the United Arab Republic no longer applied in Syria. The sequestration of British and French property took place in Egypt during the Suez crisis in 1956. These measures automatically applied to Syria after the creation of the U.A.R. in 1958.

CUBA

It was generally expected in Washington that the U.S. would ask its allies, especially members of NATO, to display solidarity by curbing trade with Cuba, in particular in arms and strategic materials. This was part of the U.S. campaign to isolate Dr. Castro's regime, following last month's conference of Foreign Ministers of the Organisation of American States, at Punta del Este, which decided to expel Cuba from the O.A.S.

INDIA

The third General Election in the history of the Republic of India began last week. Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister, speaking at **Agra** last Sunday, appealed to voters not to think about caste when polling. Voting will conclude on Sunday, February 25, and the complete results will be announced by March 1 at the latest.

OUTSKIRTS OF HAMBURG LIE SUBMERGED AFTER THE CITY'S WORST-EVER FLOODS

...STERY DESOLATION IN THE SUBURB OF WILHELMSBURG

RESCUE WORKERS INCLUDE SOLDIERS

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Floods wash over submerged roads in Hamburg near the river Elbe after the great gales which had swept Britain moved onto North Germany and the Baltic, breaching dykes, disrupting essential services and causing wide scale flooding and devastation. The flood level in Hamburg was the highest ever recorded, 13 ft. 3 ins. above normal, over 1 ft. more than the previous worst in 1825. About one-seventh of Hamburg was under water, as thousands of rescue workers, including British and American troops, using helicopters, launches and lorries, struggled to rescue citizens isolated in their homes. **Below, far left:** In Wilhelmsburg, a southern suburb, which lies below sea level and is one of the worst hit areas, cars lie in the flood, inundated up to their windows. Two days after the hurricane-like winds struck Hamburg, 20,000 people were still believed to be trapped in their homes in Wilhelmsburg alone. **Left:** In another part of the devastated city, soldiers evacuate people from an upper storey of a house. It was estimated at the beginning of this week that there were 100,000 victims of the floods and over 250 people had died

TROOPS LEAVE FOR BRITISH GUIANA

Below, left: Men of the 1st Battalion, East Anglian Regiment, leave Stansted Airport, in Essex, on their way to British Guiana. Last week, at the request of the Prime Minister of British Guiana, Dr. Cheddi Jagan, the Governor, Sir Ralph Grey, appealed for troop reinforcements from Britain, because of political disturbances. These were said to have been caused by Dr. Jagan's Budget proposals for increased taxation and a compulsory savings scheme. On Tuesday of last week the Trades Union Council called a general strike against the Budget. The next day the Governor banned demonstrations in the centre of Georgetown. In spite of this, supporters of the Opposition parties were reported to have demonstrated on Thursday evening. On Friday a state of emergency was declared and police went into action with tear-gas against what had become an open riot, involving racial struggles between Negroes and Indians. Five people were killed and forty-three injured. Part of the business centre of Georgetown was destroyed by fire. The damage was estimated at £5,000,000. On Monday the Governor reported "only very minor disorders" although tension continued. Meanwhile Dr. Jagan had agreed to substantial modifications in his Budget, and the general strike which had paralysed the country's economic life was called off. The Budget was devised by Mr. Nicholas Kaldor, Reader in Economics at Cambridge, who previously advised Dr. Nkrumah on his austerity budget proposals in Ghana last summer

The Queen sits in the observation coach of a special train, shortly before leaving Liverpool Street Station, in London, to go on a tour of railway installations in the London area on the Eastern Region of British Railways. Among places she visited were the engine repair and diesel maintenance depots at Stratford East, Temple Mills and Barking. She was accompanied by Dr. Beeching, the Chairman of the British Transport Commission. The visit was planned to give the Queen a chance of seeing behind-the-scene activities on the railways. The last comparable visit she made was in Swindon twelve years ago. For the London depots it was the first visit of a reigning monarch since King George V in 1927

THE QUEEN TOURS EASTERN REGION DEPOTS OF BRITISH RAILWAYS

Below right: The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Hoare, lays the foundation-stone of the clubhouse of the Little Ship Club by the Thames at Southwark Bridge. The little Ship Club, with 3,500 members, is one of the world's largest yacht clubs. It is having its own clubhouse for the first time in its history since it was founded in 1926. Being constructed by Myton Limited, the building is due to be ready for the Little Ship Club's 1962 winter season

CLUBHOUSE IN LONDON FOR THE LITTLE SHIP CLUB

Far right: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Ramsey, listens to the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Allison, during a session of the Church Assembly at Church House, Westminster. The Assembly considered the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction Measure, which had entered its detailed revision stage. The measure is designed to reform and reconstruct ecclesiastical courts

PRELATES PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER

With the Union Jack flying at her bows, H.M.S. *Tiger* lies in the harbour at Bremen at the start of a recent, seven-day courtesy visit to the West German port. *Tiger*, which displaces 11,700 tons fully loaded, has a complement of over 700 and is one of the three warships of the Tiger class, the Royal Navy's most modern cruisers

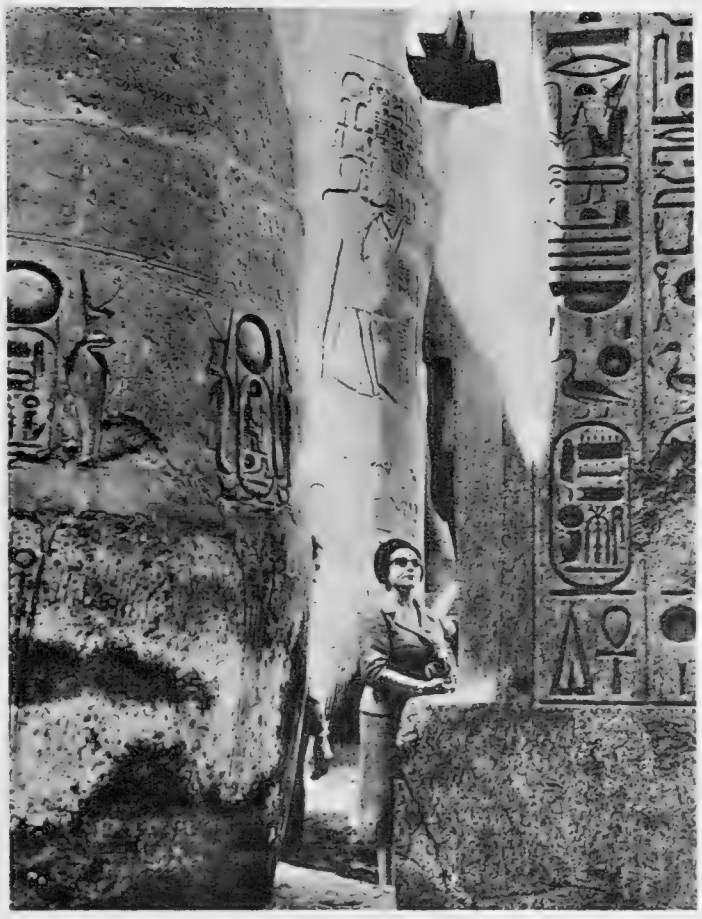
Far right: Oxford oarsmen carry the crate containing a new boat specially built for them in Italy on its arrival at Wallingford, Berks, where they are training for the Boat Race. In the extreme right background is Group Captain H. R. A. Edwards, the Oxford Chief Coach. The boat was built by the cold-moulding process and is an adaptation for Tideway conditions of the type in which the Italians were successful in 1961's European Championships. This year's Boat Race is on April 7

A NEW BOAT FOR THE DARK BLUES

Left: SHOWING THE FLAG IN BREMEN

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Madame Broz, the wife of the President of Yugoslavia, examines some of the reliefs on the columns in the famous temple at Luxor on the Nile. She was visiting Egypt with her husband. They were to go on to Sudan before returning home. The real name of the President is Josip Broz. He was given the nickname Tito before the war. As such he became immortal as Yugoslavia's leader in wartime



TITO'S WIFE IN LUXOR

Far right: The ruler of Saudi Arabia is escorted by the United States President from a helicopter in the grounds of the White House. King Saud, who had been convalescing in Florida after an operation, spent a day in Washington. In his discussions with Mr. Kennedy it was reported the question was raised of Dharhan air base in Saudi Arabia which is being used by the United States Military Air Transport Service

KING SAUD AND MR. KENNEDY

Ceremonial costumes seldom seen in Kenya are worn by delegates to the Kenya Constitutional Conference at Lancaster House, in London. From left are Mr. Musa Amalemba, the only elected member of the Baluyha Political Union in the Kenya Parliament, and a supporter of Kadu; Mr. J. L. M. Ole Konchellah, and Mr. J. K. Ole Tipis, both members of Kadu, all of whom are Parliamentary Secretaries in the present Government. **Far right:** Mr. D. T. Arap Moi, of Kadu, Kenya's Minister of Education, enjoys a joke with Sir Michael Blundell, the Minister of Agriculture, and leader of the New Kenya Party. The Conference opened last week, with a prospect of sitting for some time. Heated discussion was forecast, particularly over the regional demands of Kadu and Kanu's proposals for a strong central Government

COSTUMES AT THE OPENING OF THE KENYA CONFERENCE IN LONDON

A JOKE BETWEEN MINISTERS

Three buses are trapped in a garage at Goldthorpe, Rotherham, after the roof collapsed in gales which swept England at the beginning of last week. **Far right:** At Kinlochleven, in Argyllshire, one of the village's hotels lies in ruins after the River Leven overflowed during the gales. In addition to high winds, with hurricane gusts up to 120 m.p.h., torrential rain fell over much of Scotland, causing widespread flooding. At Kinlochleven, over 5 ins. of rain fell in 24 hours. Loch Ness rose to its highest flood level for fourteen years. In England, several people were killed when they were blown into the path of oncoming vehicles by the gales. On one stretch of the A.1, in Yorkshire, thirty coaches were overturned. Ten thousand of 50,000 council houses in Leeds were damaged. In some areas of Britain electricity services were interrupted. Round the coasts, a number of vessels were in difficulties in high seas and had to be towed to port

GALE DAMAGE IN ROTHERHAM

AND FLOODING IN SCOTLAND

Dr. Adenauer gesticulates as he welcomes President de Gaulle in Baden-Baden. They had arranged an unexpected and brief meeting in West Germany to discuss E.E.C. problems

A lull in Algeria. French troops and Muslims mix together at a street corner in Algiers

On February 8, eight people—a youth, three women and four men—were killed in Paris in clashes with the police in anti-O.A.S. demonstrations. When five days later they were to be buried, there were fears of further violence. Instead, the day produced some of the most impressive and moving scenes witnessed for many years and amply demonstrated how Frenchmen believe in liberty.

As the hour for the burial approached France came almost to a standstill. Millions of workers went on strike in homage to the victims. In Paris the coffins were followed to the Père Lachaise Cemetery by a seemingly endless concourse of mourners. First, hundreds of flowers, some massive wreaths, others, small bunches, were carried. Then, perhaps 500,000 men, women and children, marched silently and orderly past pavements packed with onlookers. The police were little in evidence, the organisers apparently making their own arrangements to control this eloquent demonstration of the ordinary Frenchman's feelings about the O.A.S. There were similar large gatherings elsewhere in France.

The secret talks between the French Government and the Algerian Nationalist Provisional Government were believed to be nearing their conclusion. In Algeria the usual pattern of riots, interspersed with lull, was being followed. But on Monday it was reported that O.A.S. aircraft had flown over Morocco to bomb an F.L.N. headquarters.

While hopes for peace in Algeria reached their climax, President de Gaulle found time to go to Germany to talk to Dr. Adenauer about the Common Market.

As far as the eye can see a gigantic procession moves down the Boulevard de la Republique in Paris for the funeral of the victims killed in the anti-O.A.S. demonstrations

THE FREE AND REAL FRANCE

JOHN CONNELL

THE FAMILIAR COMMUNIST TACTICS

Some eight or ten years ago, when the first tentative impulses of deStalinisation were being felt in the U.S.S.R., there was an agreeable little fable which was popular throughout the country:

Once upon a time there was a hare who was given a safe conduct pass by a wolf. Off he went; he ran and gambolled and frisked in the great wood; but one day, to his great surprise, the wolf (who was in charge of the wood) caught him and arrested him.

With trembling courage the hare produced his pass.

" Let me see the signature on it," said the wolf.

" I-i-i-t's yours . . . isn't it? " said the hare, who knew perfectly well that the wolf had given it to him.

" What of that? " asked the wolf. " Let me see what is written above it."

" Comrade commisar, you wrote that as well," said the hare in a small, desperate voice.

Having read the pass, the wolf observed in stern tones that he could never have put his signature to such a promise; and he tore up first the paper and then the hare.

Another version was that the wolf tore up the hare first, but " some say that he did not even bother to tear up the paper."

In the first days of February (early for even the beginnings of a thaw in Russia) Mr. Khrushchev was in a genial, pass-granting mood. The hares at his disposal—they are many and are by no means all citizens of the Soviet Union—had more than a chance of getting away with their safe conduct pass. The dear fellow was beaming all over his face.

It would be of great interest to know—but, it would be useless to speculate about—the real story of the negotiations behind the release of Francis Gary Powers (the pilot of the ill-fated U2) in exchange for Colonel Rudolf Abel (the Russian spy whom the Americans caught in Brooklyn in 1957). The Russian people were told nothing at all about Colonel Abel; Powers's return to his native land was presented in the Russian newspapers, on their wireless and on their television. Citizens of the Soviet Union were merely told that this was a generous gesture by their Government in order to improve U.S.-U.S.S.R. relations.

The purpose of this characteristic piece of deception (which had also a degree of self-deception in it) was, I imagine, twofold: first, it cannot be admitted that the Soviet Union maintains a vast, costly, and generally pretty efficient espionage network in every country in the world; and second, if the current phase of international affairs is not conducted in a manner which furthers Russia's end, blame can be laid at the door of the United States which stubbornly refused to respond to Mr. Khrushchev's magnanimous move. After all, in the fable which I quoted, it mattered little for the point of the story whether the wolf tore up the paper, or the hare, first.

" In South Vietnam war goes on with increased ferocity." Government troops are carried in a U.S. helicopter to operate against Communists

Not that the handover of the two men in the grey Berlin dawn was by any means an isolated incident. A warm wet wind blew out of the North for several days. While it was at its balmiest, I reflected that it must be fun, when the gale is in that particular quarter, to be a progressive, political commentator, exhorting the Western Powers to take the proffered olive branch, shake the outstretched hand, and beam in response to the grin on that homely peasant pan. Then, when the State Department and the Foreign Office (the Quai D'Orsay this time was, I am sorry to think, otherwise engaged) turn their fishlike but realistic gaze on the issue and, with their first words, the temperature drops, to turn on the high, fluting notes of reproach and rebuke. In the early part of last week the opportunities for luscious helpings of rich jam were well-nigh countless. Notes, courteously phrased, went whizzing out, dove-like, from the Kremlin in all directions. It seemed probable that an agreement would be reached whereby Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev would make a joint television broadcast to the peoples of their two countries.

Next in this barrage of bouquets from Moscow came the suggestion, made by Mr. Khrushchev himself, that there should be an immediate Summit conference—consisting of the Heads of Government or the Foreign Ministers of eighteen nations—at Geneva to initiate the talks on disarmament which are due to begin there next month. The Western Powers' reply to this idea, which had been conveyed in terms which the *New York Times* (no great lover of Mr. Khrushchev) described as civil and cordial, was civil but not deliriously enthusiastic. By the middle of last week Britain and the United States had made it clear that they, too, would like a Summit conference, but of just a cosy few, not a great rumbustious crowd of eighteen, containing a good proportion of " unaligned " and " anti-colonialist " countries; and they would prefer it to be in May, not in March, and to be brief. What was not then known was whether or not Mr. Khrushchev, who dearly loves a big world platform whenever he has for the time being solved his little local problems, will turn up at Geneva on March 14, and turn on all his propaganda fountains.

These new approaches, we are told, are proof that the long, internal battle within the Kremlin is now over, that the neo-Stalinists are defeated, and that there is an equally big victory implicit—a policy victory over the Chinese Peoples' Republic. Mr. Khrushchev, argue the learned Kremlinologists, has played for high stakes and he is now out for a big *rapprochement* with the West, and some agreed plan for nuclear disarmament.

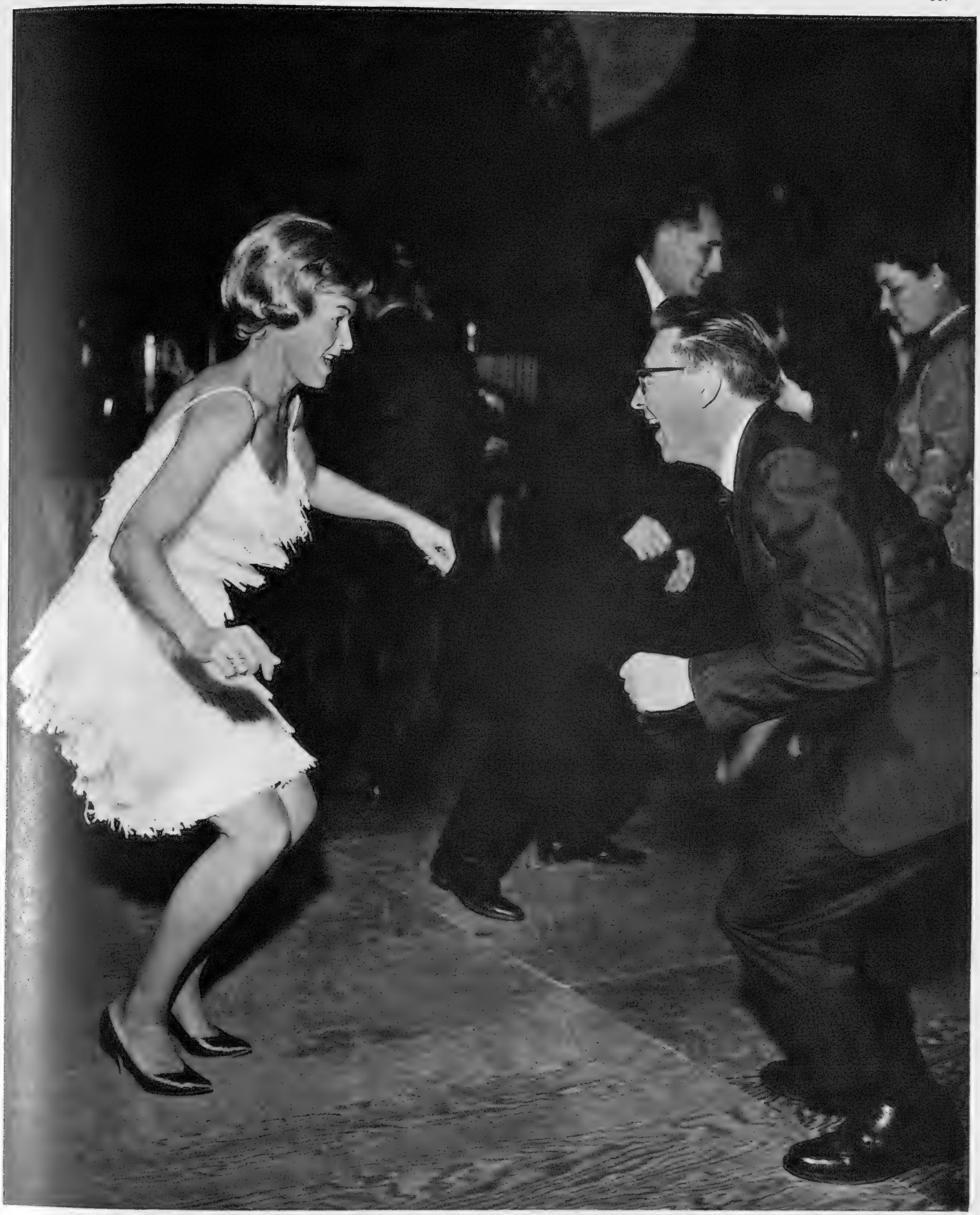
In the midst of the merry chants of this glee party it is obviously unsporting to introduce a small note of warning. Mildly as the breeze wafts out of Moscow just now, it is as well to remember that there are certain big ice-packs which show no sign of being subject to thaw.

Not a brick, not a piece of barbed wire has been taken off the Berlin Wall. A conscription decree which affects Eastern Germany as a whole is being applied, in flagrant breach of the quadripartite agreement in Eastern Berlin, and can constitute an obvious new threat to the security of West Berlin. And even while Mr. Khrushchev and his staff were busy compiling the love-letters to which I referred earlier, the Russian commandant in Berlin made a series of requests that the air corridors between Hamburg and Hanover should be reserved, during a period of several hours on certain specified days and up to an altitude of 7,500 ft., for Soviet military aircraft. These requests, we may note with a certain satisfaction, were all firmly rejected and protests made about the activities of Russian fighters in the Corridors.

Berlin is by no means the only sensitive and dangerous point on the battered, menaced perimeter of Western civilisation. In South Vietnam war goes on, with increased ferocity (to quote President Kennedy's own words): there are more and more American forces committed, and there are more and more casualties. And in Persia there are many indications of renewed Soviet pressure, with the intention of breaking the regime. Nobody in his senses would call any Persian Government perfect; but the Shah's present Administration is the best that, in the circumstances, he is likely to muster. It has secured more than a few modest successes in face of violent opposition from Left and Right extremists. It has a practical programme which it genuinely intends to carry out, including agricultural reforms (which are of especial interest to the Shah), a real curb on inflation, a real effort to end waste and corruption (no small task, this), and to create the minimal conditions for the application of democratic principles in the political life of the country. It is, therefore, under persistent and venomous Communist attack.

We need neither be surprised nor horrified, nowadays, that these conflicts persist in areas of influence which are of vital importance, while " at the Summit "—in itself an entirely artificial idea—cordiality and big, specious promises are all the order of the day.

It is, after all, a basic Communist principle that Communism is always at war; the tactics applicable to this strategic axiom can and do vary from time to time. Indeed, the variation of tactics is itself hardly less of an axiom; relax the pressure here, turn it on there; play it soft one moment, and hard the next; blow hot, blow cold. It all serves to break down the enemy's—that is our—intellectual and emotional resistances. The ideas that have worked for years on captives in the Lubhianka prison are, in the Communist view, just as relevant to the big world outside.



At a charity ball in Las Vegas, the Governor of Nevada, Mr. Grant Sawyer, dances the Twist with his partner, Mrs. Evelyn Roen. After performing the latest dance craze to sweep the United States and to cross the Atlantic to Europe, Mr. Sawyer, fresh from his athletic gyrations, said he had taken part to show support for President Kennedy's fitness programme. The American President has been campaigning to increase the level of health in the United States. Speaking at a dinner given by the National Football Foundation in New York last December, he said that Americans were under-exercised, that they were becoming not a nation of athletes but a nation of spectators, and that there should be mass participation in sport. President Kennedy and his family are well known as keen participants in their private version of touch football and recently he has been campaigning in favour of increased drinking of milk. But his advocation of fitness is probably only coincidental with the Twist craze, which while athletic, is rumoured to be responsible for one or two slipped discs and any number of pulled muscles

KEEPING FIT WITH THE GOVERNOR OF NEVADA

On the stage of the Royal Opera House, London, Rudolf Nureyev, the brilliant expatriate Russian dancer, rehearses with Dame Margot Fonteyn. He was to make three guest appearances with the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden, in *Giselle*, partnering Dame Margot Fonteyn for the first time

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

"PASSED TO YOU, PLEASE." In a series of basic wage policy principles set out in a White Paper the Government has sketched out the ideals for the second stage of the wage pause. If the Premier and Chancellor really believe that our present economic crisis is very serious—and often enough in his fireside chats, Mr. Macmillan has suggested that "just a little bit more work" would quickly resolve it—then these principles are unexceptionable. In claiming higher pay, no account must be taken of increases in the cost of living (which are very real) or of comparisons with wages paid in other industries. The general good of the country must be the prime consideration, and ideally no body of workers should consider claiming any rises at all in the second phase. But exceptionally a rise limited strictly to 2½ per cent. maximum might be reasonable where those concerned contribute to higher productivity and lower costs by accepting more exacting work or more onerous conditions or by renouncing restrictive practices. Experience of the first phase of the pay pause does not, at the moment, encourage high hopes of this rallying cry to patriotism and restraint.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep!
But will they come when you do call for them?

For example, the spirits of discipline, restraint and patriotism? The pay pause (phase 1) no doubt was weakly initiated. The initiation of the second phase is hardly an improvement. And why? Because once more the Government refuses to lead; and the "free society" for which it stands, has grown a little too free. The Government passes the buck of its gobbledygook to employers, unions and arbitrators to worry out for themselves, reserving only the right (if it can exercise that right!) to deal with its own employees. Up to now, it does not look as if it can do even that. It seems a pity that this White Paper was issued before the Government's new Economic Growth policy was even in part thrashed out, let alone blue-printed. The National Economic Development Council will have to make more realistic recommendations. The Government's ivory tower overlooks a romantic Arcadian countryside where virtuous shepherds tend their flocks and no grim factory chimneys uglify the pastoral scene. It ought to be easy to be good in such a paradise, as viewed from an ivory tower; and "any little adjustments" can be safely left to realists to handle.

CRICKET OR NOT CRICKET? The boy is father to the man and Sir Harry Legge-Bourke would have done well to remember his days at Eton and Sandhurst. It often happened in our schooldays that grievances were widely aired in some coterie and revolt demanded so unanimously that at last one braver than the rest took upon himself to be the mouthpiece of criticism, only to find himself "isolated" by the defection of those who had most strongly urged him on. And now its "all Sir Harry." That 's one form of schoolboy "cricket." And another form of "cricket" is to aim your coconut at one Aunt Sally in the row and when you have bashed her, to explain that you have no personal hatred of that particular aunt, but a general antipathy to the whole race of old aunts, like Saki's Reginald. So, indeed, did Mr. Gaitskell when he grazed the cheek of Lord Home and declared that he was browning the Government as a whole. So,

Outside the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, London, crowds crane forward to catch a glimpse of the Queen. She was visiting the Prince of Wales last week after his operation for appendicitis

The view from a helicopter of St. Paul's Cathedral, the City of London and beyond shows an array of office blocks, most of them completed in the last few years

too, did Sir Harry when faced with the defection of one vociferous member of his clique. He had nothing personal against his chief, merely a scunner against old men, who have nobly worn themselves out in highest office. But by far the noblest and the wisest method of " playing cricket " is loyalty to the team, and that form of cricket Mr. Macmillan plays to perfection. Where Home chastised the U.N. with whips, Macmillan attacked it with scorpions, scorpions of realism and common sense, accepted by the most sincere well-wishers of the U.N. in their hearts; rejected by Mr. Gaitskell in the essential duty of an Opposition to oppose, blindly and without regard to past history and earlier pronouncements and to the chinks in his own armour. If Mr. Macmillan has lost any confidence in himself (which I doubt) he could have recourse to Eton's poet:

> The applause of list'ning Senates to command,
> The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
> To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
> And read his history in a nation's eyes.

At any rate, he can read it in the Stock Exchange lists; 2½ per cent. Consols have at last climbed back out of the thirties.

WHAT PARIS SAYS TODAY. . . . The French Finance Ministry recently made known a decision which every Frenchman, wherever resident, must have hailed unequivocally as 100 per cent. good news. That Ministry has decided to simplify form-filling, so that every Frenchman can complete his income tax declaration in 10 minutes instead of two hours. (And " two hours " is probably an understatement in the case of the shrewder tax-evaders.) What Paris says today, will London *ever* say? Every February and March, the cry has gone up for years past from innumerable learned bodies and from the wretched taxpayers (who in the face of constant disappointment continue to advise the Chancellor on wise reforms for his next Budget) that simplified tax-forms are Reform No. 1; and every year those forms grow still more complicated. No Chancellor has ever had the guts or perhaps the power to drive a coach-and-four across the Treasury's Parkinson's Law. If the day ever comes when I can complete my humble income-tax form in ten minutes, without any paid assistance from experts, I shall acknowledge one Chancellor, as France acknowledges de Gaulle, as the only man for my money.

SPENCER AND FREDERICK GORE. The exhibition of paintings by Spencer and Frederick Gore at the Redfern Gallery is well worth a visit this month. Landscapes do not date, as Edwardian problem pictures do. Neither do Spencer Gore's music-hall interiors, for all the changes in sartorial fashions. In the last phase of his short and brilliant career, he concentrated on trees and his methods were always restrained. He was a master of design. My own examples of his work are all of trees painted near Dieppe at distinct periods. Towards the end, he lived austerely enough at Richmond, and his studies of autumn and winter trees in the park revealed in him increasing restraint and melancholy. This favourite pupil of Sickert was influenced by Pissarro and Cézanne, and his son Frederick followed his father's subjects, though later he has struck out a more positive line. Spencer, the father, known in his family as Freddy, came of a cricketing family. *His* father, another Spencer, brother of Bishop Charles Gore, was a legend at Harrow, a master of all games and incidentally first champion of lawn tennis. The painter's elder brother, too, was a sporting legend at Harrow, and Spencer himself was no mean cricketer and shot in his youth. He was a surprising outcrop on his family tree and owed nothing to heredity in his mastery of the art. He was careless of his health and died at the age of thirty-six in the year of the First World War, which his sensitive nature would have found unbearable. Spencer Gore was a co-founder with Sickert of the Camden Town Group, and that group stands, I suppose, at the parting of the ways in the development of painting—an important position. The D.N.B. is perhaps too selective in recording painters of distinction.

THE OLD STAGER

Leporello (Geraint Evans), left, watches as Don Giovanni (Cesare Siepi) comforts Donna Elvira (Sena Jurinac)

ENTERTAINMENT

DON GIOVANNI

at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Photographs by Reg Wilson

After a slightly unhappy start, Franco Zeffirelli's lavish, spectacular and romantic production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* has settled down to become Covent Garden's best opera production of the season. And in the future it may well be hailed as a most influential version of *Don Giovanni*, a work regarded as one of the high points of opera. Until this month *Don Giovanni* had not been heard for fourteen years at Covent Garden, a lapse regarded as unforgivable by many opera lovers, but this has at last been handsomely rectified.

Perhaps the salient feature of the new production is the collaboration between Zeffirelli, who produced, designed and lit the opera, and Georg Solti, Covent Garden's new Musical Director and the conductor. This has resulted in a romantic, atmospheric and spacious view of *Don Giovanni*, neither darkly allegorical nor drily comic. For in this production neither the spine-chilling nemesis of Don Giovanni, the great seducer whose plans do not quite come off, nor the distinctive spirit of opera buffa, are played down. The sets, some of the most sumptuous seen in London for years, range from the vast darkly baronial hall, lined with looming statues, of Don Giovanni's palace, to the airy vistas of the Watteauesque park scenes. With the encrusted and bejewelled costumes, they give an air of Spanish grandeur.

In an outstanding cast, Cesare Siepi is a dashing, athletic and convincing Don Giovanni; Geraint Evans as the Sancho Panza-like servant Leporello adds another portrait to his gallery of finely observed comic characters; Mirella Freni, Sena Jurinac and Leyla Gencer give accomplished and varied accounts of Don Giovanni's victims; and David Ward provides an extremely imposing Commendatore. With this production, Covent Garden will give great pleasure to its audiences and enhance its stature among the world's leading opera houses.

Donna Anna (Leyla Gencer) calls for vengeance, having recognised Don Giovanni as her father's assassin. **Right:** Donna Elvira hears the catalogue of Don Giovanni's loves

At the wedding party in the open air, Don Giovanni advances on the bride Zerlina (Mirella Freni), while, right, Leporello distracts the bridegroom, Masetto (Robert Savoie)

At the brilliant ball at Don Giovanni's palace, a statue of an armed warrior looms over Leporello and Don Giovanni and **right:** In a swirl of dancers, Don Giovanni partners Zerlina

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

CANADA

Closer co-operation between science and industry

Science and industry in Canada are planning a closer relationship. An industrial advisory committee composed of leading representatives of management in Canada has just been appointed by Canada's National Research Council.

Objectives of the new committee are to bring management into closer contact with the work of the N.R.C., to keep N.R.C. informed of the problems of industry, and to consider ways of encouraging research in industry.

The N.R.C., with its staff of 2,500 (670 scientists and engineers) and extensive research facilities, carries out the most diversified programme of civil research in Canada and is engaged in many investigations of interest to Canadian industry. It operates, in co-operation with provincial research councils and foundations, a Technical Information Service to help bridge the gap between the fund of technological know-how available and the needs of companies with little or no research experience. These services are provided without cost to the industry. Last year it handled about 1,000 inquiries a month.

The Council also advises the Government on scientific matters generally; moreover, it gives financial help to scientific societies in Canada as well as to international congresses meeting in Canada. The N.R.C. Medical Research Council provides invaluable services.

Another important function of the Council is to provide direct aid to science in Canadian universities.

In 1961, out of the Council's budget of 40,000,000 dollars (£14,000,000), more than 11,000,000 dollars were devoted to scholarships and grants-in-aid of research. Of the many scholarships it offers annually 120 are post-doctorate fellowships available to nationals of all countries for research in N.R.C. laboratories, the research branch of the Departments of Agriculture, Mines and Technical Surveys, National Health and Welfare, Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., and Canadian universities.

More than 1,200 scholars from overseas have done research in Canada under these post-doctorate fellowships. About 400 of these research scholars were from Britain.

Taking part in the smiles and handshakes at Lancaster House, London, at the conclusion of the Jamaica Conference are, from left, Sir Alexander Bustamente, the Leader of the Opposition in Jamaica, Mr. Hugh Fraser, Britain's Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Reginald Maudling, the Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Norman Manley, the Jamaican Prime Minister and leader of the People's National Party

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Princess Alexandra exchanges smiles with East African students during a visit to the Kwetu Social Centre, in St. James's, London. "Kwetu," which means "home" in the Swahili tongue, which is a common language over a large area of East Africa, has been established as a social centre for East African women living, training and studying in London

WEST INDIES

The Jamaican Independence Conference and the break-up of Federation

The first of this year's conferences at Lancaster House in London which discussed the arrangements for Jamaica's independence began and ended earlier this month with smiles, handshakes and general agreement. The new independence Constitution was agreed on by the leaders of the two political parties, Mr. Norman Manley, the Prime Minister, and Sir Alexander Bustamente, the leader of the the Opposition, before they left Jamaica. The Constitution follows the normal Parliamentary pattern with two chambers. Special features will be that the Leader of the Opposition is written into the Constitution, and that a fixed number of eight out of twenty-one seats in the Senate will always be allotted to the Opposition no matter how large a majority the ruling party has in the lower house. This will prevent the ruling party from obtaining the two-thirds majority necessary to make drastic alterations to the Constitution. Should a Bill be passed in the Lower House and then fail in the Senate, it is provided in the Constitution that a plebiscite may be held in which the measure must obtain a two-thirds majority of all those who vote in order to be enforced. These proposals are an attempt to limit the opportunities for dictatorship.

It was announced that the island would achieve independence on August 6, and would apply to remain in the Commonwealth. A General Election would be held on April 10 this year. Speaking at the conclusion of the conference Mr. Manley said that if he were returned to power Jamaica would apply to join the United Nations and probably the Organisation of American States. His Government would not pursue a neutralist policy, but would endeavour to form a bridge between the West and the Afro-Asians.

The only shadow over the conference was the announcement by Mr. Maudling in Parliament, while the conference was sitting, that the Federation of the West Indies was to be formally dissolved. This was a reminder that Jamaica's speedy independence was founded on the referendum last September which chose to leave the Federation, and was the main cause of the break-up. Trinidad was unwilling to support the smaller islands by herself, although it was reported that she had invited any which so wished to join a unitary state. Trinidad is likely to hold her own independence conference in May.

WEALTH

BOOK REVIEW

The dilemma of the settlers in Africa

One of history's swiftest declines in reputation has been that of white settlers in Africa. At the beginning of the century a whole mystique of virtue surrounded the noble pioneers and Empire-builders. Now in new mythologies, they are more often cast as villains, or, as L. H. Gann and P. Duignan in their WHITE SETTLERS IN TROPICAL AFRICA (Penguin Africa Series. 3s. 6d.) have put it, as " the serpent in the African Eden."

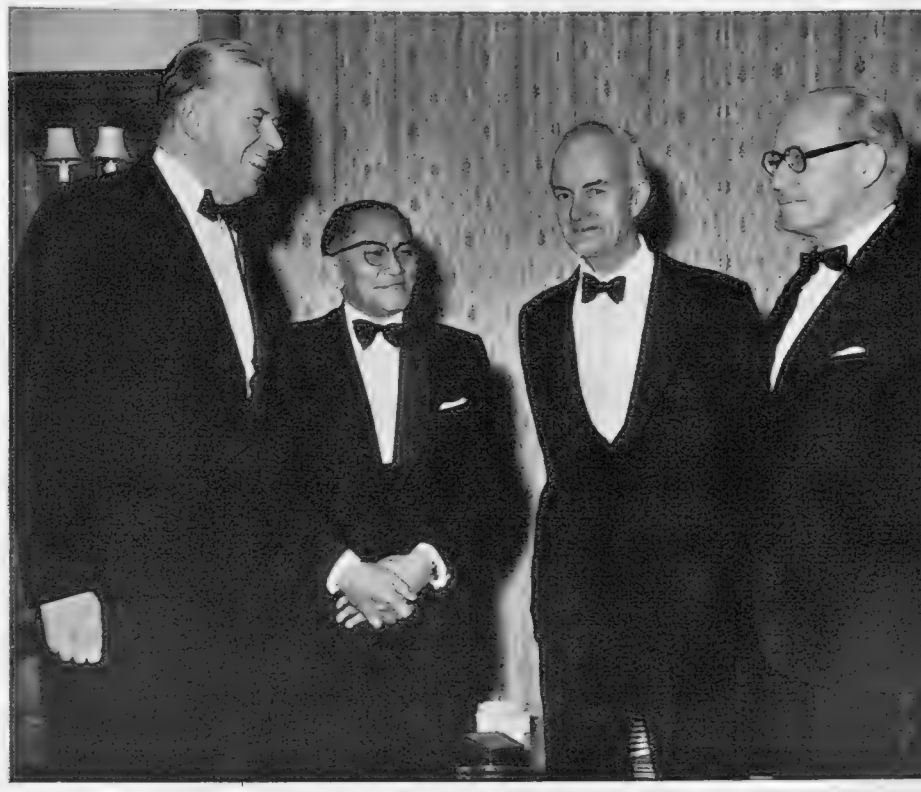
The main purpose of this book is to blow away a few cobwebs, and to create some understanding of the settler's predicament. A study of settlers in the area from the Limpopo to Kenya, it begins with a potted historical survey of how they came to be there in the first place. It summarises the rise and fall of the slave trade, pinpoints the importance of Livingstone as a symbol for the Victorians, and examines the scramble for Africa, which culminated in the creation of the Rhodesias. In the course of this, the composition of the settler population is analysed, from the English " bush feudalist " of the 1890's who was known by his African neighbours as Changa Changa, to the mass of modern immigrants, " the man who mines copper in Luanshya, repairs motor-cars in Nairobi, grows fruit trees in Umtali or opens a hosiery business in Bulawayo." British settlers naturally receive a much greater coverage than Belgians and Portuguese.

The chapter on the pattern of racial relationships is perhaps the most important. The authors are all too painfully aware of the settlers' faults, especially " the paralysing dependence on the Black, from that superior attitude that refuses to do this or that because it is Kaffir's work, or feebler still, because the climate does not allow it." Liberals in metropolitan countries are also censured for their wholesale condemnations and lack of understanding. The Colonist's belief that his is a better way of life " is in itself neither especially noble nor ignoble but the consequence of a given social situation."

This is followed by a fairly sympathetic description of black nationalism, with its contradictory elements of the rural messianic and the urban rational. The authors show understanding of the African case; it is " morally the same as that of its Polish, Afrikaans, or Irish equivalent. Racial discrimination and the denial of political and economic privileges will stunt men's growth and interfere with the fullest utilisation of human talents."

However, the last chapter, which states the white man's case is not optimistic as far as the future of newly independent African countries is concerned. They are seen as likely to be caught up in a " new scramble for Africa " between the dollar and the rouble. Moreover, " not even the wholesale expulsion of all whites from a country like Rhodesia would induce any African state to support Nato, unless the ruling groups of that state felt that its interests were better served by joining the West." The settlers have brought immense economic benefit to Africa and the most settled countries are those with the highest African standard of living. Some sort of multi-racial solution has to be worked out short of complete revolution. The settlers cannot be treated as non-existent. The shadow of the fate of the Algerian *colons* lies long over the book's pages.

It is seldom that partisan feelings distort the truth of what is said. The reported racial improvement in Nyasaland after the handing over of power is too recent for inclusion; otherwise one feels sure some comment would have been made. For the multi-racial system must be made to work. The whites cannot go on living in what was even described in *The Sunday Telegraph* recently as "a safe and splendid Purley, stretching for miles in the bush." The main hope is that, as the authors observe, blacks and whites are struggling for the same thing—" The fruits of modern industrial civilisation."



At a dinner given by the Malayan High Commissioner, Tunku Ya'acob, at his London home, for the British members of the Borneo and Sarawak Commission, are, from left, Lord Cobbold; the High Commissioner, Sir David Watherston, and Sir Anthony Abell. The Commission is to leave soon to ascertain the views of the people of Sarawak and North Borneo with regard to their proposed merger in a Greater Malaysia

At a reception given in London by the High Commissioner for the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Mr. Robinson, for students of the Federation at present studying in the United Kingdom, are, from left, Mr. Tsoka, the High Commissioner, Mr. Msadala, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Mwandenga and Miss Robinson, the High Commissioner's daughter. The three students are training as teachers in Durham

Mr. Ellen, Assistant Commissioner for Police in Sierra Leone, leaves Buckingham Palace after being invested with the O.B.E. for service during the Queen's visit

The Minister of Education in the Nyasaland Government, Mr. M. W. K. Chiume, talks with his British opposite number, Sir David Eccles, at the Ministry of Education in London. Mr. Chiume was visiting Britain last week

Dr. M. A. Majekodumni, the Minister of Health in the Nigerian Federal Government, talks with the British Minister of Health, Mr. Powell, at the London Health Ministry. The Nigerian Minister was on a three-day visit before going to the United States

LEFT-WING AFRICA

A survey of Guinea and its people

Clothes are being washed in the primitive and traditional manner in this river in Guinea

One of the austere rooms in the President's Office in C

The modern touch—a girl with a motor-cycle

nakry

Market Day in Conakry, the capital of the Republic of Guinea, which lies on the coast of West Africa between Portuguese Guinea and Sierra Leone

Guinea was one of the French possessions in West Africa until 1958. In that year it came prominently into the news when its people rejected the new French Constitution in the referendum held in France and the overseas territories. As a result Guinea became completely independent.

There were anticipations that the economy would collapse, that there would be political chaos and that the Government headed by M. Sekou Touré would be unable to carry on. However, aid was forthcoming from the Communist countries. Russia and China were quick to grasp that here was a chance to gain a foothold in the new Africa emerging from the grant of independence to so many states.

Communist technicians were soon in key positions. East Germany sent a trade commission. Guinean students went to Russia and Czechoslovakia, where M. Sekou Touré had himself been educated. The Government of Guinea is possibly the most Left-wing in West Africa. President Sekou Touré is regarded as a spokesman of extreme African opinions. He was elected Head of State in January 1961 by an overwhelming poll. He is also Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The constitution proclaims Guinea a "democratic, secular and social republic" and permits the limitation or renunciation of sovereignty in favour of African unity. This has found expression in the Union of African States consisting of Guinea, Ghana and Mali.

Guinea has an area of 96,865 sq. miles, it borders with Sierra Leone, Senegal, Mali, the Republic of Ivory Coast, and Portuguese Guinea. The population is estimated to number about 2,800,000. Before independence, the European population was 7,000. Today it is around 2,000. The largest town is the capital, Conakry, which has 100,000 inhabitants.

Guinea has considerable mineral resources, notably diamonds and bauxite, the raw material from which

(Continued overleaf)

A group of Guinea women stand in the capital and wait for the arrival of President Sekou Touré

A "woman" performs a dance to enliven the wait for the President

LEFT-WING AFRICA

(*Continued from previous page*)

aluminium is produced. The bauxite deposits are among the largest in the world. There is also some iron ore. The precious minerals industry was nationalised a year ago. Two major public utilities—electricity and water supply—and transport and shipping have also been nationalised. In agriculture the chief products are rice, palm nuts, bananas, coffee, pineapples, orange juice, ground-nuts and millet.

Foreign policy is described as "positively neutral" but the economic development must depend to a large extent upon Communist assistance, in spite of the alleged Communist plot against the Government at the end of last year. President Sekou Touré publicly denounced conspirators who, he declared, were Communists in touch with "circles in France" and with an unnamed "Embassy of an Eastern State." (Earlier in the year he had claimed to have unearthed a "French colonialist plot.")

Following the denunciations of Communists, the Russian Ambassador in Guinea was withdrawn. However, Guinea-Russian relations seemed little affected. In January of this year Mr. Mikoyan visited Conakry to discuss strengthening of co-operation between the two countries. At the same time a new Soviet Ambassador was appointed.

Women are among those in the President's bodyguard. **Below:** Window shopping for modern goods

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

TALKING PROPER

Since I do miss your vaïce an' feäce
In prayer at eventide,
I'll pray wi' woone sad váice vor greäce
To go where you do bide;
Above the tree an' bough, my love,
Where you be gone avore,
An' be a-waitën vor me now,
To come vor evermwore.

This is by William Barnes, one of our foremost rural poets: and a very simple example of his work. Barnes was primarily a dialect poet, writing in the Dorsetshire dialect, and much of his work is a good deal more difficult than that and has to be read with care and concentration if it is to be properly understood.

This, of course, is the chief reason why he is not much read today. Nowadays people are frightened of dialect, of reading dialect that is, simply because it does demand some concentration. They will go to great pains to acquire a superficial smattering of some foreign language, such as French, because it might come in useful some time, but they will avoid like the plague anything so dreadfully foreign as the language of Langland or Chaucer.

Moreover, there is today an educational bias against dialect. One of the aims of modern State education is to level. This is an excellent aim, provided that the levelling is up and not down. One of the simplest ways of achieving this end is to teach people to speak alike, or to "talk proper," as the old country folk around my home will have it.

Standardised speech and standardised pronunciation have no room for dialect, and any familiarity with dialect is deliberately discouraged. It seems to be perfectly proper to use American slang, which has been sanctified by television, but to use native English dialect is not to "talk proper." Furthermore, there seems now to be a tendency developing to regard such work as the dialect poetry of William Barnes as the work of an uneducated man. The chap can't even spell, so why bother about him? This sort of attitude may well seem ridiculous, even outrageous, to you, but make no mistake about it, the tendency is there. In fact, of course, Barnes was a highly educated man. He was a schoolmaster who became Rector of Winterbourne Came. He was one of those notable, very English, men who have added great lustre to our country parsonages—a great linguist, a philologist of standing, and an accomplished poet. But he used dialect, and so sets a bad example.

The result of all this is that dialect in any form is a closed book to most people. Barnes is not read for fear of a little Dorset dialect. I have even met those who cannot read Thomas Hardy because he is sometimes prone to use dialect forms. The fact that dialect yields quickly to a little perseverance makes no matter: you have got to concentrate to begin with. It is a great pity because not only is our history wrapped up in dialect as the very source of our speech, but also because all dialect speech is rich in colourful idioms which have sprung from long-inherited observation and experience. It is a pity because, in the case of William Barnes, not only are the dialect poems ignored, but also much delicate work in what Barnes himself described as the "common tongue." Consider only his use of alliteration; a clumsy sledgehammer in all but the gentlest hands:

By dipping Downs at dawn of day
Or dewy dells when daylight dies.

or

By morning meads, or mid-day mound,
Or mellow midnight's mounted moon.

Consider his poem, "Lowshot Light," set in a Persian metre:

As I went eastward ere the sun had set,
His yellow light on bough by bough was bright.
And there, by buttercups beside the hill,
Below the elmtrees, cow by cow, was bright.
While, after heavy-headed horses' heels,
With slowly-rolling wheels, the plough was bright.
And up among the people, on the sides,
One lovely face, with sunny brow, was bright.
And aye, for that one face, the bough, and cow,
And plough, in my sweet fancy, now are bright.

Could anything be more delightfully English than that? Ignoring Barnes, ignoring dialect, not only is our speech the poorer, but our minds also.

But do not let us be too depressed. It may well be, indeed, I think it inevitable, that, in face of the emphasis of State education and the onslaught of television, fewer and fewer people will read dialect: the demand on concentration is too great. However, despite the emphasis on standardised speech and pronunciation, dialect speech, dialect forms, will not die. The roots are much too deep. For example, no countryman around here will say "I 'll tell you why." All say "I 'll tell you for why": and that is good Elizabethan, good Shakespearean, English.

In this part of the world, only some 40 miles from London, despite easy access to towns, television, radio, modern education, the lot, you may still hear true dialect speech. Only the other day, in Hampshire, a young man said to me: "For why diddun you went the way you said you was?"

William Barnes, who made a deep study of dialect forms, believed that many of the colourful sayings inseparable from dialect speech spring from misunderstandings, from twists and perversions, by young children of normal speech, and are adopted, lovingly, by the parents and so are spread among the adults of the village. I think that there may well be something in this. Consider the quite common rural "I be drunk with thirst." That, surely, may well have sprung from a childish twist uttered many years ago.

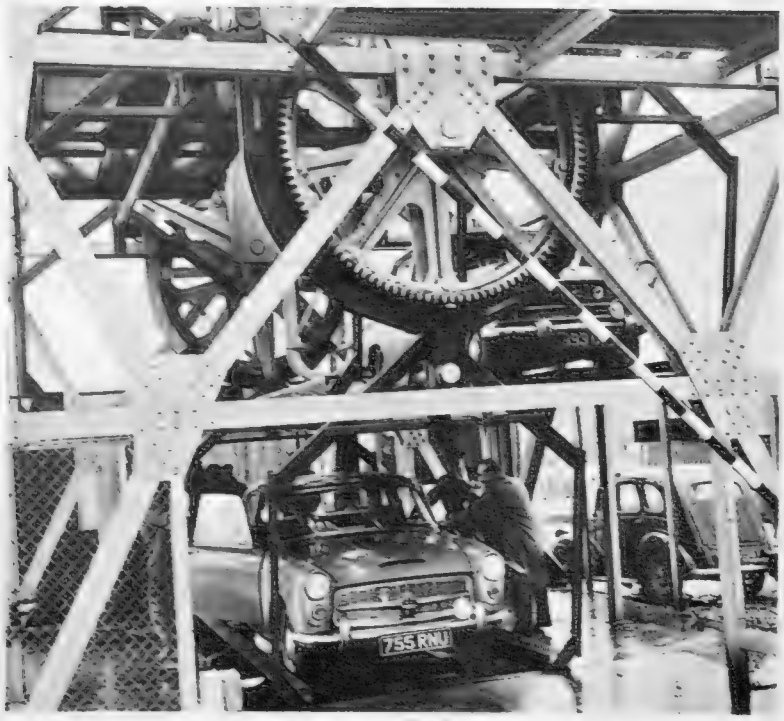
Anyway, it was a child who sent me back to William Barnes. Not because she said anything that is likely to become dialect in due course, but because she made a remark which was a perfect example of misunderstanding and which reminded me of Barnes's theory.

The child was presented with a Teddy bear for her birthday, a Teddy bear with a pronounced squint. She soon developed a deep affection for this pleasantly cuddly, but undeniably ugly, toy, and within the week announced firmly that she was not going out unless she could take Gladly with her. "And what was Gladly?" Gladly was the Teddy bear. "But why Gladly?" "Because we sing about him in church . . . Gladly, my Cross I 'd bear."

The centre of Dorchester, a town of many associations with William Barnes, the Dorset dialect poet

THE PROBLEM OF TRAFFIC

The " Liftpark," produced in Derbyshire, holds 20 cars in a chain lift



In the " Liftpark " the car is driven on the parking space and the rest is automatic

A panoramic view of the huge area which is being excavated at the Marble Arch end of London's

A flashback to the traffic jams in Aldwych, London, during the one-day tube strike

A multi-storey car-park has helped to solve parking problems in Cologne in Germany

yde Park to accommodate a 1,000-car parking lot underground. The site will be covered with earth again after the construction has been completed

The one-day strike of workers on the London Underground at the end of last month brought a revealing foretaste of what London might be like in 1970 if drastic improvements are not made in the traffic system. Each day between 7 a.m. and 10 a.m over 1,250,000 people enter central London. This figure has risen by 100,000 or 8 per cent. since 1954. Undergrounds, suburban railways and private transport carry most of the extra traffic, while the number of people travelling by bus has gone down. The result of the tube stoppage was a mass increase of the use of private vehicles, which defeated its own ends, as traffic came virtually to a standstill in many parts of London.

A survey of the Road Research Laboratory over the years 1952-60 showed that in that period the volume of traffic in London increased at a rate of about 2 per cent. per annum, while at the same time the traffic speeds decreased at an average rate of nearly 2 per cent. per annum. Traffic at the moment moves in London at an average speed of 10.7 m.p.h. Recent traffic engineering has temporarily halted the trend towards decreased speeds, but it has been calculated recently that if the trends were to continue, by 1970 traffic would grind to a halt.

Various kinds of piecemeal traffic engineering have been experimented with in London during redevelopment of particular areas, as, for instance, the double roundabout at the Elephant and Castle. And there are a number of road improvement schemes under way, such as the Hyde Park scheme. For existing streets, clearways and one-way systems have proved a short-term answer. Multi-storey car-parks, like the one in Cologne illustrated on this page, help to keep parked cars off the streets.

Many experts consider that measures for easing the congestion must include decentralisation of office premises and the building of more living accommodation in the centre. Staggered office hours would also help, as would the construction of the Victoria Line. Although this is estimated to make a loss of some £3,000,000 a year, the unseen saving to be gained from increased efficiency of transporting people, and the easing of pressure elsewhere should make it worth while. As the *Financial Times* said recently: "The question . . . is not whether a start should be made on the Victoria Line, but when."

The most important long-term measure is probably the segregation of pedestrians from traffic on different levels. This has not been experimented with very much in Britain so far, except in one or two of the New Towns. It was included in the scheme proposed for Piccadilly Circus after the inquiry presided over by Mr. C. D. Buchanan.

Work is progressing on the scheme to provide a double roundabout at London's Elephant and Castle five-way road junction

TRAVEL

THE "DEAD" CITY OF KHAJURAHO

By **GORDON COOPER**

There were seven wonders in the ancient world, of which only one remains today: the Pyramids of Egypt. I have my own list of wonders, however, which are still extant. These can be reduced to a short list of three places: Angkor Wat, in Cambodia, the Tomb of Galla Placidia, in Ravenna, and the "dead" temple city of Khajuraho, in Madhya Pradesh (Central India). I propose to describe the last-named, which testifies to the architectural genius of its creation.

Lying about 350 miles south of Delhi, Khajuraho can be reached by train and bus—albeit in a rather leisurely journey. But there is also a day-return excursion by air every Sunday from the Indian capital; it flies you to Panna airfield, whence a waiting motor-coach covers the 36 miles to take the tourists to Khajuraho. It is a trip which should not be missed. Incidentally, at the temple area there is a fairly comfortable and adequate but certainly not luxurious Circuit House where you can eat and lodge.

A large city once upon a time, Khajuraho has now dwindled to a tiny village; its scenic ruins, however, spread over an area of over eight sq. miles. These ruins are in three main groups, those to the west being regarded as being the best. The eastern group has some fascinating sculptures.

Of the eighty-five temples originally built by the Chandella Rajputs who ruled between the ninth and the thirteenth centuries, only about thirty now remain. During the great Hindu renaissance, Khajuraho became the centre of a new imagery—sometimes grotesque, sometimes sublime, now massive, now delicate—a synthesis of an art vital and alive. Temples of different faiths were erected side by side, quite different from the rest of India. Almost all of these are built of buff-coloured sandstone and each one stands on a solid, high masonry terrace with the usual enclosure wall missing. The other parts of the temples have a unique flowing architectural pattern. The roofs of the assembly halls are all dome-shaped and rise one above the other in a crescendo culminating in the graceful rise of the final spire, the "shikhara." This crowns the central chamber where the idol lies enshrined. The gradual rise in height to the dizzy top symbolises the mountain abode of the god Shiva.

The exterior of the temples, decorated with parallel friezes in high relief, displays a rare wealth of human and divine forms, pulsating with life and warmth, moving in a pageant of unending variety and presenting themes of inexhaustible interest. The graceful animation of these lifelike forms, the consummate skill with which they are executed on the stone walls, and the vast variety and ingenuity of the techniques employed, are unparalleled in any other similar style of temple architecture.

The interiors of the halls at Khajuraho are also bountifully carved. The richly-sculptured ceiling is supported by four pillars, one at each corner of the hall which bear heavily-ornamented bracket capitals. The pillars are carved above and below with grotesque half-human figures of dwarfs and griffins. In the spaces in between are statuettes of sculptured feminine forms in attitudes of enchanting grace and loveliness. The sharp contrast presented by the forbidding appearance of the former and the pervasive beauty of the latter perhaps symbolises the triumph of beauty over ugliness, or that of the spiritual power over the bestial.

As in some other temples in India, eroticism is a recurrent theme in the shrines at Khajuraho. Almost every Indian I spoke to on the subject advanced his own theory to account for this. Perhaps the most common explanation is that the many erotic groups represent the *mithuna* ritual of the Tantric cult, according to which personal salvation can be attained only through experience both sensual and spiritual—a belief, incidentally, which was also propagated by Rasputin. My own theory, however, is that since such sculptures are usually found on the exterior surfaces of a temple and are absent from the interior, they are meant to test the devotion of the worshipper or to warn him against entering the sanctuary until he has conquered carnal desire.

In the western group of temples, the most outstanding is the Chaunsat Yogini Temple, built entirely of granite. It is a splendid shrine. Also notable is the Kandariya Mahadeo Temple, the largest and most representative of all the Khajuraho temples. Planned like a double-armed cross, this temple has an air of vibrancy attributable as much to the masterly skill with which the various parts of the temple are related, as to the superb gallery of sculptures which embellishes its walls.

The various temples in the western group all lie close together, and I wandered around from one to another in a kind of ecstatic dream. Nearby, too, there is an interesting open-air archæological museum. Later, I went to the eastern group, which embraces six main temples—three Hindu and three Jain. The

The Kandariya Mahadeo temple in the dead city of Khajuraho

Parsvanatha is the largest and most beautiful Jain temple at Khajuraho. The sanctum contains an ornamental throne and a sculptured bull, the emblem of Adinath, the first of the Jain Tirthankars. It is significant that this Jain temple also houses images and sculptures of Brahmanical gods and goddesses, for it speaks of a spirit of toleration not often seen in places of worship. I was much attracted by a cluster of twelve pillars, standing a little apart from the main group, which is all that remains of the Jain temple known as Ghantai. These have attracted considerable attention on account of their Attic beauty. According to one English author, it is " evidently the handiwork of a group of the most accomplished craftsmen of the time."

I was not able to visit the southern group of temples, which are not as exquisite as the other two; time did not permit. I did comprehend, however, that the temples of Khajuraho are an outflow of sculptural freedom exploiting all the possibilities offered by life in general and by the medium used in particular. The subjects used are as numerous as varied—children absorbed in play, craftsmen at work, the hunt and sport, musicians, dancers and lovers, and the many beasts of the forest and jungle and of the artists' imagination.

NOTES FOR TRAVELLERS

The fishing banks of the Lofoten Islands, off the coast of Norway, are a fascinating sight in March, when over 5,000 boats are engaged in catching cod. An opportunity for joining in is offered by the Bergen Line, who have arranged two tours leaving Newcastle on March 12 and March 15. From Bergen passengers join a modern coastal steamer which calls at various ports, including Trondheim, on its way to Svolvær, the principal centre of the Lofoten Fisheries. There visitors have an opportunity to fish for cod themselves, and to take part in the excitement of this annual harvest. The cost, covering hotel accommodation, excursions and visits to the fishing banks and processing factories, is £53 10s. Some meals are excluded from this price—for example, those on the Newcastle-Bergen stage of the journey.

There are more cruises available this year than at any time since the war. Even so, tourist-class accommodation is already becoming difficult to obtain, but it is still possible to book berths on certain dates. There is a 23-day cruise to Greece and Turkey leaving at the end of June, on P. & O.-Orient Lines, where accommodation may still be available from £120 upwards.

Most countries abroad are now demanding a certificate of vaccination from travellers arriving from Great Britain. It is not sufficient to have been vaccinated. You must obtain a certificate either issued by the Ministry of Health, or the international certificate issued by the World Health Organisation, and signed by the doctor carrying out the vaccination. These certificates can be obtained from travel agents. Regulations vary from country to country. Austria and Spain, for example, expect all passengers arriving from the United Kingdom to be in possession of a valid vaccination certificate against smallpox, while Belgium only wants certificates from passengers arriving from smallpox-infected areas of the United Kingdom. Incidentally, certificates must be less than three years old, otherwise passengers will be vaccinated on arrival. At the time of writing neither Denmark nor Switzerland require vaccination certificates.

Business men on sales tours of the Orient and Australasia will be the first to welcome the new jet service of BOAC between Sydney and Hong Kong, calling at Darwin and Manila, with connections to Europe, to Tokyo and to the United States of America. Both first- and economy-class passengers will be carried.

It now only takes from eighty to ninety minutes to be flown between Melbourne and Sydney by Trans-Australia Airlines, a distance of 500 miles. Lockheed Electras are used. The journey by train, by the *Spirit of Progress*, *Silver Sleeper* or the *Intercapital Daylight*, takes somewhat longer. For example, you can leave Melbourne on the *Silver Sleeper* at 8 p.m. and arrive in Sydney at 9.23 a.m. the next day. Sleeping berths in roomettes or de luxe cabins on the *Silver Sleeper* are available.

W.D.C.C.

GLORIES OF OLD RAVENNA

In the flat country around the mouths of the Po in Northern Italy travellers are often surprised to come across the city of Ravenna, once the capital of old Byzantium. It is now famous mainly for the quality of its mosaics of the sixth and seventh centuries, probably the finest works of art in the cultural abyss of the Dark Ages. The ceiling of the Baptistery of the Cathedral (**above**) shows Christ and John the Baptist with an outer ring of apostles. There are other fine examples of mosaics in the Basilica of San Vitale (**below**)

BOOKS

BROADENING THE MIND

This week's tally of non-fiction and novels ranges in subject from the Arctic to the Aegean and in author from American to Greek

One of the most rewarding things about books is that neither their publication nor their popularity ever seems to follow a predictable pattern. *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and *Jew Suss* were, I believe, best-sellers in consecutive years and what kind of prophet could foretell that? So, by the merest chance, the books which I have been studying this week are American, French, German, Greek and in only one or two instances English. Reading, it would appear, is almost as broadening as travel. ISLAND OF THE LOST (Secker and Warburg. 21s.), for instance, is an admirable tale of Arctic exploration by Mr. Paul Fenimore Cooper, great-grandson of the famous American novelist and himself brought up on stories of Polar exploration. The island of which he has written lies off the northern Canadian shore, in the Arctic Archipelago, and it has been the scene of journeys by at least three great explorers in their searches for the North-West Passage. Mr. Fenimore Cooper writes of the land, icy and dangerous in winter, green and rewarding in its short summer, with great knowledge and a vivid sense of history.

Miss Constance Tomkinson was born in Canada, has been a decorative actress in London and Paris and at present lives in London after nearly thirty years of travel, during which she has visited the Far East, almost every European country and the United States. WHAT A PERFORMANCE! (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is a volume of autobiography in which she gives her own lively and unaffected account of attending a fantastic theatre school in New York, landing and losing jobs in second-rate night clubs, keeping her head above water both financially and emotionally, and finally achieving the smallest possible part in a Broadway production. High-spirited and amusing.

I don't know what it is about American novelists that makes them write such tremendously long books but there it is: a national literary bias. THE PATRIOT (Heinemann. 18s.) is by Mr. Evan Connell and, in the words of the immortal curate, parts of it are excellent. Mr. Connell has humour, insight, style, intelligence and a wide and flexible vocabulary. The only gift which the fairies appear to have withheld from him at his christening is a blue pencil, that invaluable instrument in a writer's equipment. His book is more than 400 closely-printed pages long and I am sure that this story of a very young man going through rigorous training for the U.S. Navy Air Force, enduring much and finally forming his very individual philosophy, would have been just as moving and as deeply interesting at two-thirds of the length.

THE POWER OF BLACK (Cassell. 21s.) is longer still; a saga of three generations in an American family made fantastically rich through oil, the "black," which dominates their lives, their ambitions, their marriages and their hopes for the children. M. B. Longman writes with considerable verve and punch and tells a story which is more meaty than romantic.

Mr. Tom Wicker's THE JUDGMENT (Cassell. 16s.) is a study in violence, murder and brutality, with the setting of a small American town and a cast of reasonable, normally affectionate and intelligent people who are suddenly faced with the problem of an utterly ruthless being whose crazy egocentricity stops at nothing. Effectively written, sensational in many ways and slightly feverish.

MARIE BELL AND ROGER DUTOIT in a scene from Françoise Sagan's *Les Violins, Parfois* . . . The play opened the French season at the Piccadilly, London, last week

M. Pierre Boulle, who wrote *Bridge on the River Kwai*, has a new novel, THE CHINESE EXECUTIONER (Secker and Warburg. 13s. 6d.), to uphold his reputation as a master of irony and a more than competent teller of stories. China before Communism is the scene of this strange and often terrible tale which, as far as I can judge, has no film possibilities at all. The translation has been made by Mr. Xan Fielding.

PASTORALE (Alvin Redman. 16s.), another brief novel, has been translated from the best-selling Greek original by Mr. Abbott Rick. It is a simply told human tragedy; the story of a young man who has been sickened by his war experiences and driven to despair by finding his home destroyed and his parents killed. Miss Nelly Theodorou is a young and sensitive writer and one can hope that she will have happier tales to tell than this.

There is more fact than fiction in TELL ME ANOTHER MORNING (Michael Joseph. 16s.), and sad fact at that, for the book is based on the experiences of the author, Miss Zdena Berger, in German concentration camps where she was first taken as a child of fourteen. The acceptance of misery, near-starvation, illness and outrageous treatment is poignantly conveyed and it is a small miracle that there is a spark of hope in the narration.

NOBODY GOT INTO TROUBLE (Faber. 18s.) deals with Germany, too, but this time it is the East Germany *regime* which concerns the author. Mr. J. A. Cole has achieved a real *tour-de-force* here, for his book, which seems authoritative and is certainly understanding, deals with the rigours of a political state treating the problem with basic seriousness and yet expressing it in terms of humour with the lightest possible touch. The result is

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VICTORY IN THE AIR

A new story of the Battle of Britain

Just as Nelson's operations prior to Trafalgar saved Britain from Napoleonic invasion in 1805, so did Dowding's forethought and handling of our limited air forces save the day for Britain in 1940. The importance of the Battle of Britain, recognised in the hour of victory by Churchill and the nation, looms larger and larger with the years. Basil Collier has attempted a reappraisal of the strategy and tactics of the British and German air forces, and he shows a Britain ready and prepared for the struggle in terms of organisation though not of strength, and a Germany, surprised by the ease of her victories in France, having to improvise hastily to meet the Führer's new demands. THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN (Batsford. 21s.) is an important book, bringing together the scattered details of these days of endurance into a coherent picture of a conflict waged relentlessly on both sides, and decisive enough for Hitler to call off his "invasion order" and for the Western allies to breathe again. A useful addendum to Basil Collier's book is THE FIGHTER AIRCRAFT POCKETBOOK (Batsford. 9s. 6d.). It has been compiled by Roy Cross to show the development of various types of machine in the two world wars, products of the workshop battlegrounds where Allied and German technicians and tacticians joined issue on notably equal terms.

A depressing tale is told in THE NEW GERMANY AND THE OLD NAZIS, by T. H. Tetens (Secker and Warburg. 21s.). His purpose is to show how the ex-Nazis have infiltrated back into many walks of life in West Germany and is of special interest in view of allegations made during the trial of Adolf Eichmann. Mr. Tetens, a journalist and economist, was arrested by the Nazis and sent to a concentration camp, from which he escaped. He went to America in 1938 and after the war served with the U.S. War Crimes Commission. He has collected a great deal of documented evidence from which he concludes: "It seems clear that if we continue to ignore the facts, if we continue to rely on a policy that is misled by a façade, then 'our deeds today will haunt our children tomorrow.'"

Sir Leonard Woolley is well assured of his niche in the Temple of Fame by reason of his archæological discoveries in the Middle East, and his wonderfully written record of those discoveries. Here, however, is a little book that gives us another side of this most remarkable man. AS I SEEM TO REMEMBER (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) is a modest record of personal experiences packed with anecdotes, some of them relating to archæological work but many touching on bizarre experiences in the Intelligence Corps, into which Sir Leonard was pitchforked at the start of the First World War.

Between 1900 and the present time a succession of books on great engineers has been published with the same few famous names appearing over and over again, adding very little to our knowledge or understanding. Brunel, Telford, the Stephensons and Trevithick have all had their full share of the limelight. L. T. C. Rolt, taking the view that these men were not "the only pebbles on the beach," attempts a survey of some of those other contributors to our advance since the industrial revolution—men like Abraham Darby, who discovered the art of coke smelting; Newcomen, with his mechanical power; Jessop with his canals and railways; Joseph Locke, one of the greatest civil engineers of the railway age; Fowler, the first to till the soil by mechanical power; Crompton, with his dynamos and improved roads; and finally, Frederick Lanchester, of car fame, who died in 1946. GREAT ENGINEERS (Bell. 18s. 6d.) makes in a sense a continuous narrative, for we see the progress of industrial change in Britain through the lives of these men. Mr. Rolt writes with splendid lucidity. Jargon takes a back seat, but he provides enough technical information for the reader to appreciate the true nature of each man's achievement.

For the figure-skating enthusiast here are two new books of obvious value, in that they offer first-class instruction from acknowledged masters. Maribel Vinson Owen is the author of THE FUN OF FIGURE SKATING (Barker. 25s.). There are some excellent illustrations by Robert Riger. THE ART OF FIGURE SKATING (Nicholas Kaye. 42s.) is by T. D. Richardson, who shows immense knowledge and experience in his text.

Richard Edmonds

a book quite as memorable and convincing as other more ponderous works on the subject.

I know of nobody now writing in English who invests the far past with such magic as Mr. Alfred Duggan, and his new book, LORD GEOFFREY'S FANCY (Faber. 18s.), is, by any odds, one of the most magical in his distinguished list. The time is the thirteenth century; the scene the Ægean and one of those odd little feudal states which were left in the backwash of the Fourth Crusade. As for Lord Geoffrey, he is one of Mr. Duggan's finer creations: an English-born knight, living in his Arcadian home in an atmosphere of gallantry, charm and considerable power. A book of real delights.

Two thrillers this week; one English, one American. Miss Joanna Cannan's ALL IS DISCOVERED (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) has a rural setting and some amusingly accurate drawings of country types, most of them far more shrewd than their London counterparts. MURDER CLEAR, TRACK FAST (Gollancz. 15s.), by Mr. Judson Phillips, is about dark doings in millionaire racing circles and is fast-moving, original and extremely well written. I don't agree that Saratoga is "the world capital of racing"—hasn't Mr. P. ever heard of Newmarket? But that is my only criticism of a thoroughbred thriller.

Vernon Fane

AFRICA TODAY

THE AFRICAN KALEIDOSCOPE, by Pieter Lessing (Collins. 30s.), is an unusual book. It can be used as a word of reference to contemporary Africa, yet it flows like a well-written narrative in a clear, deceptively simple style, which makes no attempt at over-dramatisation or purple patches, and it is full of lively personal observation. Considering the tempo of development in Africa, the book is amazingly up to date. Only the most recent absurdities in the Congo are missing, and the author can scarcely be blamed for this. Pieter Lessing is an African born and bred. Until the age of eleven he spoke only Afrikaans, and all his family traditions, back to the seventeenth century, were Afrikaner. But when he was faced with the dilemma of remaining a South African citizen or staying in the Commonwealth, he chose the latter, because his sympathy lies not only with Britain but with all Africans—not merely his own community. This sympathy emerges clearly in his attitude to Africans on the journey across the continent by Land-Rover upon which this book is partly based. He obviously dislikes extremist politicians, but he shows great patience in his dealings with them, and reports them clearly and objectively. But he was at his happiest in the hinterland, talking seriously and courteously to tribal elders and to ordinary Africans, however primitive.

The first part of the book is a general historical-political analysis of the problems of Africa today. The second part is a balanced and factual survey, country by country, of the application of the analysis. The book is well-planned and produced. There is a map and the essential statistics of each country at the beginning of each chapter, which then goes on to summarise historical development and background, and analyses the present situation up to within a few weeks of publication.

The author's main thesis is that the European impact on Africa has been politically small. "Westminster is not for export," he says, and the Africans will have to work out their own political institutions. He regrets the rapidity of the break-up of the tribal system, which was a stabilising influence. Mr. Lessing has illuminated the present form of what he calls the Kaleidoscope of Africa, and has indicated how the next set of forms and colours is likely to take shape.

George Gretton

In a scene from Elaine Dundy's play are Sarah (Annette Crosbie), John Crossley (Tristram Jellinek), Henry (Harry Towb), Willy (Guy Deghy), and Annie (Diane Cilento). On the floor, foreground, is Huw Griffith Mogg (John Rees)

MY PLACE

at the Comedy Theatre

Photographs by Reg Wilson

An observant comedy set backstage at a theatre has an added edge of interest for audiences. In Elaine Dundy's play the comedy has the topicality of being concerned with the attitudes, mannerisms and conventions of two successful members of the New Wave in the theatre. It is set throughout in the dressing-room of Annie Fox, a young magnetic actress with a Jewish, suburban background. Complete with bed and drinks cabinet, the dressing-room is the focal point for Annie's life and her affair with Paddy, a young Irish actor, who values his instinctive approach to acting and life. There she faces the problems of success and growing up. The play provides moments of emotional turmoil, deft touches of characterisation and a flippant, occasionally sharp line in dialogue.

Annie's mother (Dandy Nichols) visits Annie. **Right:** Paddy Kilmartin (Barry Foster) gestures to Annie and Sarah

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

J. F. T. Langley

Mr. Langley is the President of the British Paper and Board Makers' Association, which represents the vast majority of Britain's 217 paper mills, and of the British Paper and Board Industry Research Association. He was previously chairman of the Northern District of B.P. & B.M.A., and was a member of the U.K. delegation to the F.A.O. conference on Pulp and Paper Development in the Far East, held in Tokyo in 1960. Interested in technological education, Mr. Langley has played a leading part in the development of the industry's training and education programme. John Francis Tarr Langley was born in 1919 and educated at Uppingham School, from which he joined, in 1938, Robert Fletcher and Son Limited, manufacturers of cigarette paper and other fine tissues and a member of the Imperial Tobacco Group. He became personal assistant to the chairman, then secretary, and a director in 1950. He is also a director of the British Nicotine Company. In the last war, Mr. Langley served in the Royal Navy and the Royal Indian Navy, mostly on convoy escort duty and minesweeping in the North Atlantic, the America and West Indies Station, and the Indian Ocean. He survived the loss of H.M.S. *Penzance* when she was sunk with most of her crew. Later he was Flag Lieutenant to the Flag Officer Commanding, Royal Indian Navy. Married, with three children, Mr. Langley lives in Lancashire, where he is a Justice of the Peace. Up to the time of his appointment as President of the B.P. & B.M.A., he was actively concerned in local government and constituency politics. He is the 1962/63 President of Appeal for the Royal Commercial Travellers' Schools

AGREEMENT ON COTTON

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Passing through Geneva a fortnight ago, I found the big hotels in that international and argumentative city full of textile lobbyists. Quite a covey of prosperous businessmen of many races—at least, they looked prosperous, though most of them were there to explain that prosperity was just what their own particular industries lacked—were to be found talking earnestly in lobbies or in the corridors of the international organisations. "Jolly good for the hotel trade," said a cynical GATT official to me, "but expensive for the cotton industry everywhere. Not that they're taking it easy. Some of them will sit for hours outside the official textile sessions, though they're not allowed in; then buttonhole delegates as they come out to pick up every little bit of gossip that they can. Why," he added blandly to me, "you'd think they'd nothing better to do with their time than journalists."

Last week these lobbyists—and the official delegates to a GATT conference on textiles, whom the industrial representatives were there to prime with arguments—achieved what they had gone to do. A five-year agreement upon textiles, governing the imports of developed countries in the West from the less developed but inconveniently more efficient producers of the East, was signed in Geneva. It was the second of its kind: the first, in 1961, had been for only twelve months. It was highly important for the cotton textile industries of both groups of countries; and it possibly set a pattern that we may see repeated in other sectors of international trade as the years go by.

Nineteen nations signed the agreement, which was one aimed essentially at allowing some increase in the exports of textiles by less developed nations such as India and Pakistan, and by Japan, but at the same time avoiding "market disruption" in textiles for the industrialised countries. For most of the industrialised markets, the agreement envisaged some steady growth in the amount of textiles to be imported into, for example, the United States, in accordance with the growth of textile demand there and the development of the local textile industries. The actual amounts and the rate of growth of these imports remain to be negotiated in detail between the Eastern exporters and the importing governments; but the principle of gradually increasing access to most Western markets has been accepted.

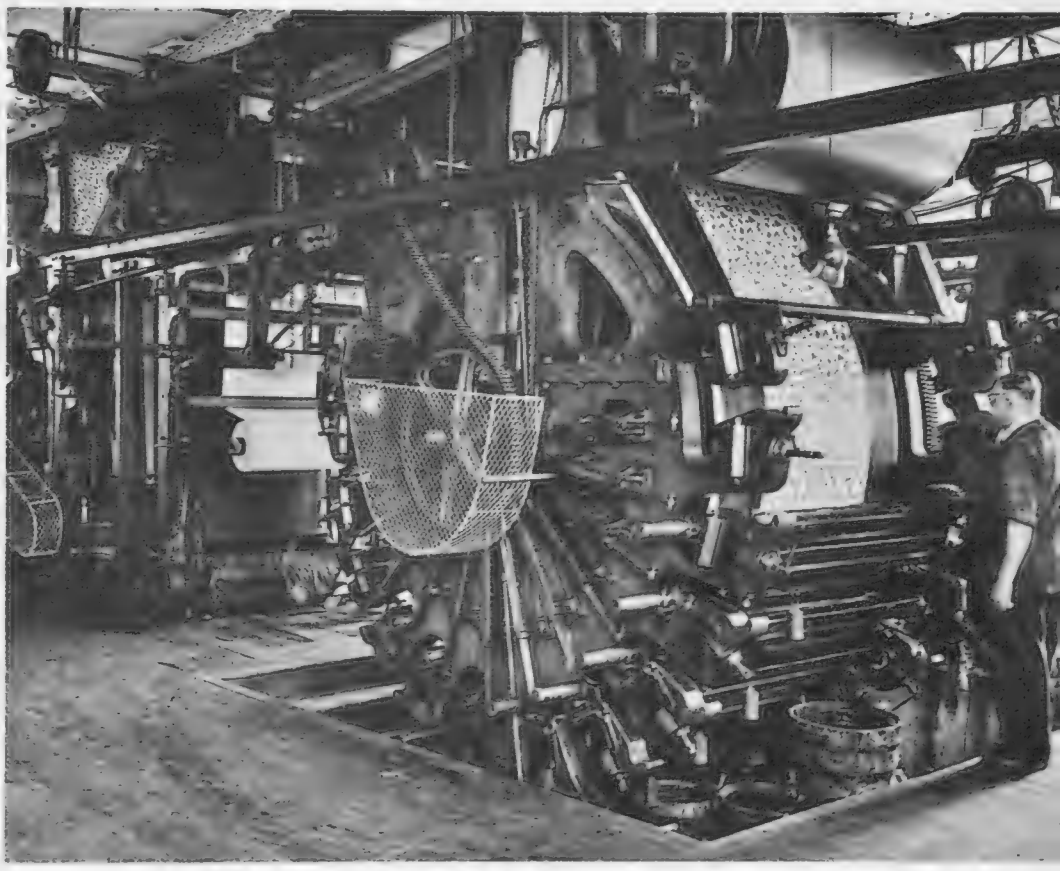
As is usual at such meetings, no country got all that it wanted. The Eastern exporting countries, which feel very strongly that their low prices represent simply equal efficiency and the lower standards of living that their people have to accept, are naturally inclined to press for wholly free trade. Countries such as Britain—which in their time did magnificently well out of free trade in textiles—are today faced with continuing decline in some of their own textile industries, and a surge of cheap imports. Lancashire appears to have established its case for a special dispensation under the Geneva agreement. The United States and the European Common Market countries accepted in principle that Eastern imports should go on rising; but it was agreed that in Britain they had already, in spite of "voluntary" restrictions by Commonwealth producers, risen more than almost anywhere else. Britain was not required to guarantee a further increase in access to its market. Over recent years it has been Britain and the United States that have absorbed most of the increases in exports of yarn and cloth from the Eastern countries. The acceptance of increased import quotas by the Common Market countries, when it takes effect, might relieve the pressure of these goods upon British cotton producers.

Long-term difficulties for Lancashire have recently been accentuated by a shorter cycle of recession. Two years ago, when the Government began to give financial assistance to the mills, both to allow obsolete and redundant plants to be closed down and to re-equip the ones left to produce more efficiently, the move happened to come in a short-lived upswing of the cotton business. The closing down of mills was taking place at a time when demand was for once quite buoyant; some mill owners delayed plans for closures for a time, and the general prosperity perhaps took a little urgency out of the industry's resolve to cut back capacity and modernise. Nobody grudged Lancashire slightly better times; and the improvement in demand did make it easier to deal with the problem of redundancy for cotton workers.

By the end of March 1960, nearly 50 per cent. of the spindles in spinning, more than a third of those in cotton doubling, and 40 per cent. of the looms that had been in place when the scheme began had been scrapped, with Government financial aid. All of this hardly affected total production. The planned reduction of capacity in the finishing sections of the industry took longer and was less thorough-going, partly because in this section of the industry the processors were doing well out of normal trading for much longer than their colleagues in the mills and looms. The eventual reduction in capacity has been about a quarter in yarn finishing and a fifth in the processing of cloth; there may be a good deal of excess capacity left in this part of the business.

By the end of last year, however, business had fallen away sharply. Heavy buying in 1959-60 had built up stocks, and the credit squeeze by the Government made buyers run down these stocks once again. The high level of imports from Commonwealth producers, to which were added quite large imports from Spain and Portugal, tended to overhang the market—and also to overhang producers' ideas about re-equipping their mills, even if the Government is prepared to give grants of up to 25 per cent. for approved investment in new equipment.

Technically, Lancashire is probably becoming as efficient as any producer in Western Europe. Its equipment is perhaps not generally as up to date as that of the American industry, or, possibly, of certain of the Far Eastern producers, but it compares well with that of most industries in the Common Market. Commercially, it could be that Lancashire needs to change its organisation and practice still more—



One of the largest roller printing machines in Britain, at the Rosebank Print Works of Turnbull and Stockdale Ltd., at Ramsbottom in Lancashire. It can print fourteen different colours simultaneously

with more vertical integration, so that the building up of stocks in one section of the industry is more co-ordinated with the productive needs of others. But it is fair to say that neither advances in technique nor the streamlining of business organisation, in any highly developed Western country, has yet enabled cotton industries there to compete with those of the East, where equally advanced technique, and good organisation, is allied to the enormous cost advantage of cheap labour.

Lancashire has felt the brunt of this competition longer than any other industry in any other country—largely because of its historical growth to a period of dominance in world cotton trade in the last century, that no single country could hope to hold for long. Businessmen in other industries are inclined to regard it half pityingly as an old-fashioned declining industry, not efficient enough to survive. In many industries, their pity ought perhaps to be reserved; they may need it themselves later.

"The next few years," commented my GATT official in Geneva during the textile conference, "may well see us trying to work out a world commodity agreement for transistors." One of the largest world industrial problems of the remainder of this century may be that the emerging nations, following Japan, can use the most up-to-date of Western techniques, along with wages that are gradually rising but still low by our standards, to seek entry to Western markets, with cheap but perfectly good products. It would be blinkered to imagine that this powerful competition—with which is partly bound the hopes of improving standards of living in the under-developed two-thirds of the world—will remain confined to any one range of manufactured goods.

During logging operations in Canada by the Reed Paper Group, pulpwood is tipped into Lake Sault-au-Cochon preparatory to the spring " drive "

CHANGING PATTERNS IN PAPER

By **G. L. PETHICK, C.B.E., D.S.O.,**
Director, British Paper and Board Makers' Association

Loading the first consignment to be shipped to Britain from the new pulp plant of the £2,500,000 pulp and paper mill, Sande Papaer Mill A/S, on the shore of Oslo Fjord. The mill is being constructed by the Reed Group

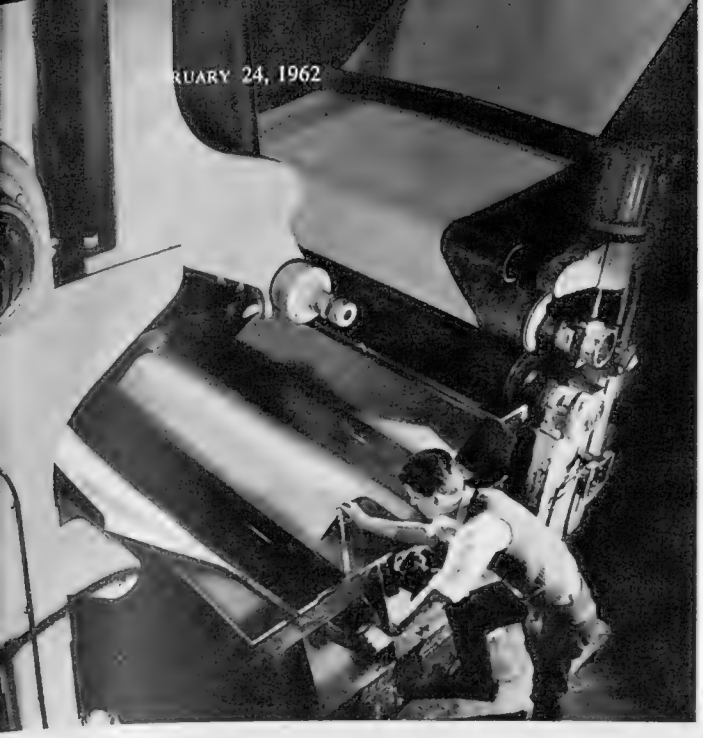
It is not possible in a short article to do credit to one of the country's most vital industries, engaged day in and day out in providing for the varied needs of the largest consumers' market in Europe and making its contribution to the level of world-wide exports.

Except for some special raw materials such as esparto grass, rags, cotton linters and indigenous waste paper, imported wood pulps from Scandinavia, Finland, the north American continent and Russia provide the basic raw materials for the industry. The industry's capital investment since 1945 has been enormous and its development and technological progress has been impressive. As a result, production of paper and board has expanded from 2,500,000 tons in 1938 to a figure just short of 4,000,000 tons in 1961, and in the boom year of 1960 this total was exceeded.

This production represents the output of 213 mills of varying capacities in the United Kingdom and includes every grade and quality, varying from newsprint, packings, wrappings, boards and fibre building boards to fine and specialty papers, writing and commercial papers, hand-made and rag papers, electrical papers and other qualities. A recent trend has been the overseas capital investment by the large groups, frequently to secure alternative sources of pulp wood under their own control and often to exploit economic advantages by the establishing of overseas subsidiaries. These developments are most significant within the North American continent and to a lesser degree in Scandinavia, Australia and South Africa, while the more recent investments within countries of the European Community have yet to mature.

The U.K. paper and board-makers have always been in the van of world scientific progress and technical development, and the industry has since the last war given great emphasis to this aspect of its life.

The enormous growth in demand can only be satisfied by high-speed machines, modern production methods and constant technical progress and this has placed a high premium on research. While significant progress is being made in the very extensive research departments of large groups and within the smaller but highly-developed laboratories of the specialty mills, the paper-making industry has recognised the need for centralising fundamental and applied research in its own Research Association, which was formed in 1945. Its staff comprises chemists, physicists and biologists and the establishment is equipped with extensive research facilities which include humidity-controlled rooms, radio-active and microbiological laboratories and small-scale paper-making plants.



Paper moves through the Tub-size vat and sizing rolls at the mill of Edward Towgood & Sons Ltd. (members of the Spicers Group) at Sawston, Cambridge. Tub sizing imparts the hard surface to writing papers and protects the fibres from the atmosphere

At the same Sawston mill, the dandy roll imparts the watermark to the moist sheet passing through the paper-making machine

Control instruments are used to ensure high quality of paper at the Buckland, Kent, mill of Wiggins Teape and Co. Ltd. **Below:** New paper, emerging from one of the newsprint machines at Bowaters Mersey Division Mills at Ellesmere Port, is wound on to a spindle at a speed of hundreds of feet a minute, while a completed reel is moved away by an overhead crane

The technical section of the industry's trade association provides for the technical education of mill staffs by publications, discussion groups and by holding periodical symposiums of outstanding international importance, while the industry's technical education system offers scholarships, progressive courses under the auspices of the City and Guilds of London and a university degree course, thus providing comprehensive facilities for making a worth-while career in the industry.

The industry's pattern of trade has been dictated by its almost total dependence upon imported raw materials with the one important exception of waste paper, and imports of wood pulps are running at an annual rate of about 2,500,000 tons, at a cost of some £103,000,000. Lacking timber resources, the U.K.'s annual contribution of wood pulp is only a modest 155,000 tons, but the collection of waste paper at approximately 1,300,000 tons a year is a valuable contribution to supplies of raw materials and represents a saving of some £43,000,000 which would otherwise have to be paid for further imports of wood pulps.

The dependence which the industry has therefore to place upon outside sources for its basic materials explains its support for the present system of duty-free imports of wood

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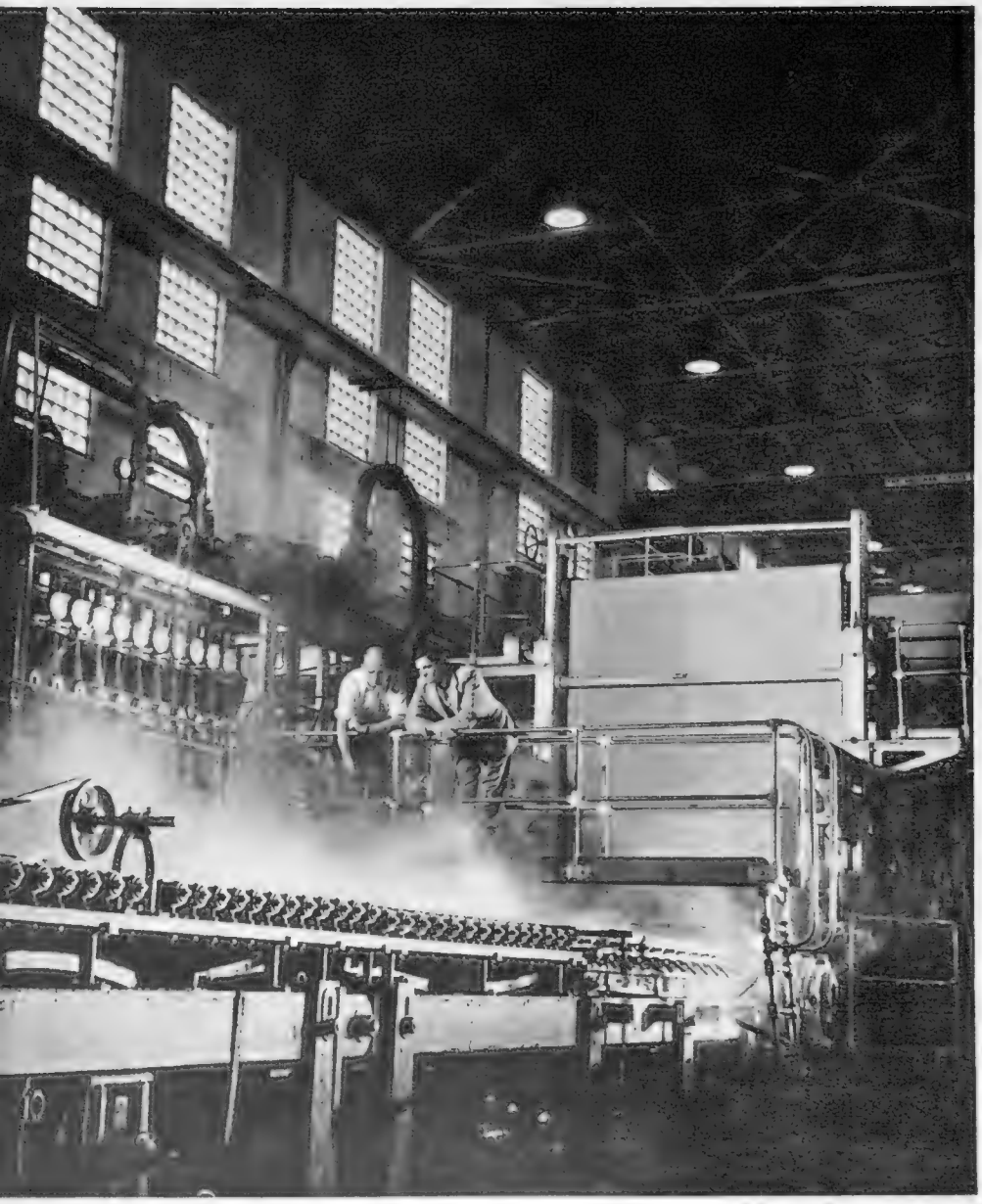
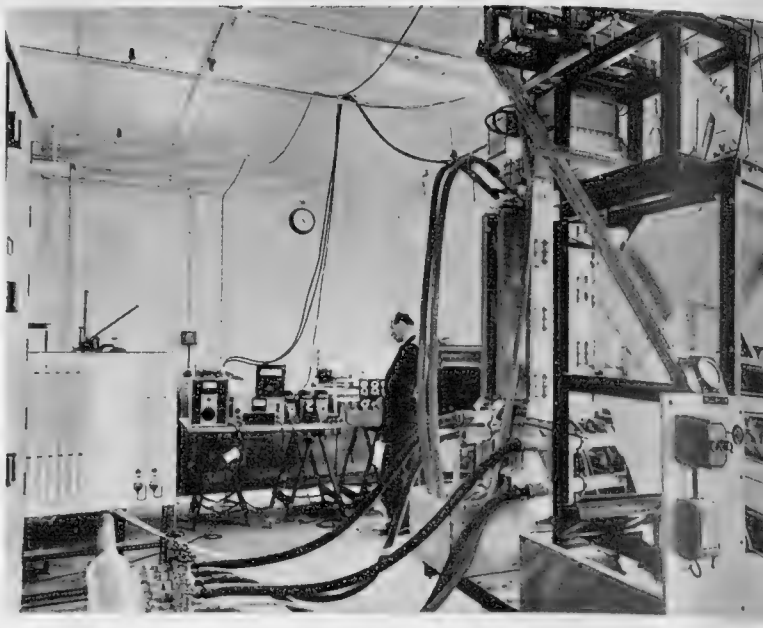


At the Wiggins Teape mill at Chartham, Kent, technicians watch the pulp being formed into a web of paper, at the wet end of the machine. This consists of the machinery up to the first dryer



At work in the laboratories of the British Paper and Board Industry Research Association at Kenley, in Surrey

Hand-made paper is formed from rag pulp at the St. Cuthbert's mill at Wells, in Somerset, of the Inveresk Group

CHANGING PATTERNS IN PAPER

(*Continued from previous page*)

pulps and pulp wood from whatever sources, without which it could be subject to pressures that might jeopardise its ability to remain competitive.

The imposition of protective tariffs on finished papers and boards of between 18 to 20 per cent. in 1932 was followed by a period of relative stability during which the industry largely satisfied the growing demands of both the home and the Commonwealth markets. The factors which have disrupted this pattern are the growth in the production of industrialising Commonwealth countries, thus leading to a fall-off of exports, the formation of the E.F.T.A. trading group and the enormous development in Scandinavian capacity, causing an excess of production over demand in Europe.

The effect of reducing E.F.T.A. tariffs has been to place the industry in a far weaker competitive position than before. The reasons are that substantial price benefits have now been added to those national advantages already enjoyed by our Nordic competitors in respect of their timber resources, cheap hydro-electric power and their ability to integrate pulp and paper production.

In consequence, the industry has recently had to take stock of the situation, re-align investment and development plans and diversify production to include the conversion processes of manufactured articles. The shaping of our future structure has not been helped by the original basis of a ten-year tariff reduction period under E.F.T.A. being decreased. It is therefore not unexpected that the industry welcomes the possibility of Common Market membership partly to relieve the weighted competition inevitable within the E.F.T.A. system and partly that it may, under more equal conditions of trade, re-shape its destiny to meet the challenge which it faces.

These problems were partly masked by the boom conditions which existed in 1960 when demand in this country and in Europe reached extremely high levels. In contrast these features died away in early 1961 which proved to be a year of stagnation, short order books and fierce low-cost competition at a time of excess production of European and North American market pulps and paper and board.

Against this sombre background and faced with the probability of having to adjust itself to the complexities of a different European tariff system, an appreciation of the industry's future is none too easy. Much will depend upon the terms under which the present E.F.T.A. members may become associated with the Common Market, upon the possible continuation of the Commonwealth preferential tariff and upon stability in the pulp, paper and board markets. The political decisions which are impending are certain to have a profound influence on our future, and the industry has rightly asked for its interests to be afforded due consideration, but its attitude is far from negative.

Steps are being taken by the industry to hold and if possible to improve its direct export position and market researches in Europe are now being undertaken where there is every hope that specialty and other grades will improve their position. Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind that as paper and board is a basic commodity, our direct exports are unlikely ever to reach the export value of its manufactured forms.

All possible means are being taken to make the industry increasingly competitive and productivity rates and production costs are being closely scrutinised to offset the recent increases in the costs of coal, oil fuel and freight.

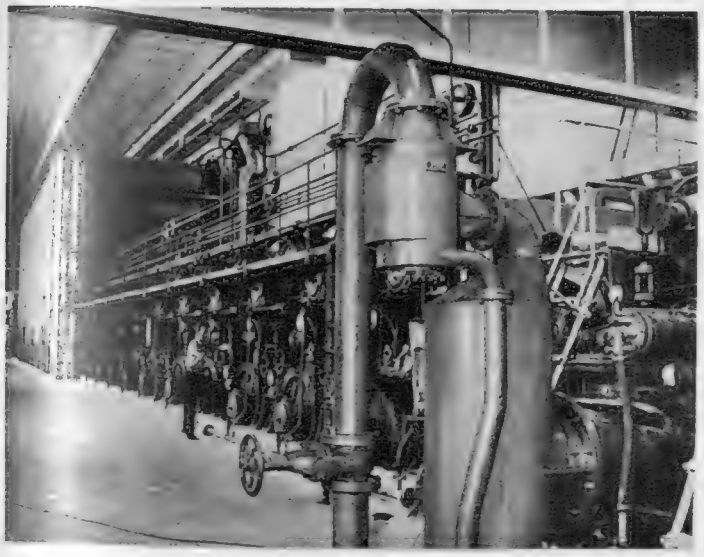
Looking further afield, the first steps are being taken towards investment in Europe, and it may well be that similar developments will occur in other parts of the world where natural resources may provide advantages comparable with those obtaining in the Nordic countries.

In the short term, when an excess of market pulps and paper and boards of all types is to be expected and with the implications of a new trading system in mind, the structure of the industry is bound to be affected. Further diversification of production and increased conversion processing is inevitable and some rationalisation between large and small production units is to be expected.

In the long term all the indications lead to the conclusions that consumption in this and other countries will steadily increase so that a continued and growing demand for paper and board will exist to be satisfied by new production in which the industry will share.

The paper and board industry has frequently experienced temporary setbacks in spite of which it has remained a growing industry. It looks to the future with confidence and faith, determined to accept the challenge of the times and confident that, as in the past, it will continue to meet the increasing demands of the nation and play its full part in the future prosperity of the world.

Completed paper is wound onto a cylinder at the end of the new fine papers machine at the Valleyfield Mills of Alex Cowan and Sons Ltd. at Penicuik, in Midlothian



On this 300-ft.-long machine at Thames Board Mills, at Purfleet, in Essex, over 1,000 tons of paperboard for packaging can be made every week

At the Thatcham, Berkshire, factory of Reeds Cartons Ltd., apparatus is set up to test the fading properties of ink. **Right:** A Reed Medway multi-layer paper sack in use in a canteen

In the making of Reed corrugated boxes, paper is fluted and then faced with kraft liner in one operation

One of the largest, if not the largest, twin-wire papermaking machines in the world, at the mills of Tullis Russell and Co. Ltd., Markinch, Fife. On it paper is made as two webs on separate wires and then the webs are welded together

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

CHEMICALS EXPAND

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Mr. S. P. Chambers, chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, has stressed the expansion prospects of the chemical industry in his take-over struggle to gain control of Courtaulds. Refuting doubts about the industry's future, Mr. Chambers quotes official estimates that " continuation of the present growth trend in the standard of living in the free world will demand a doubled output of chemicals during the next ten years and any surplus capacity for individual products will be of brief duration." Mr. Chambers adds that I.C.I. themselves hold the firm belief that sales will increase by 80 per cent. during that period.

While I.C.I. is easily the dominant group in Britain's chemical industry, other chemical firms should also face a bright future. There is one short-term qualification: many companies, like I.C.I., will show the effects of difficult conditions in the home market during 1961. For I.C.I., these difficulties produced a £26,000,000 decline in taxable profits.

Which are the other large companies likely to share in the industry's expansion? Three medium-sized concerns are Albright and Wilson, Laporte and Monsanto. Of these three, Albright and Wilson, while the largest, is also the newest. It was made public as recently as 1948. Albright, which makes a wide range of chemicals used in industry, has benefited notably from recent years' growth in detergents and the developing uses for finishes. Sales have roughly trebled over the past ten years, from just over £14,000,000 in 1951 to £42,500,000 in 1960—though the rate of growth was rather gentler in the past five years. Shareholders' profits more than doubled in the last five years, from little over £1,100,000 after tax in 1956 to £2,400,000 in 1960. The dividend rate has been maintained in these years but the equity has been more than doubled by two free share issues.

Comparison of recent years' growth is complicated by merger moves, which have given Albright and Wilson an important stake in essences, perfumes and allied fine chemicals. Albright took over Boake A. Roberts early in 1960 and just over a year later acquired the London chemical firm of W. J. Bush. Albright are expected to show lower profit margins for 1961, but in the later 1960's they should at least match the general expansion rate forecast by I.C.I.

Monsanto, the second of the medium-sized chemical concerns, are a £25,000,000 group controlled by Monsanto Chemicals of the United States. Monsanto of Britain make some 200 products, with commercial activities divided between chemicals and plastics. Through their production of plastic raw materials Monsanto have felt the impact of changes in consumer spending, and especially official restraints on sales of cars and household durable goods. Though total sales have risen by more than 50 per cent. over the past five years, progress has been rather erratic in particular years. 1958 showed a check to expansion, while a further slowing down emerged during 1961. Monsanto's net profits, close to £1,500,000 in 1960, are roughly double the 1956 level. Given the fluctuations in earnings, Monsanto directors have raised the dividend rate in small stages from 13½ per cent. in 1957 to 15 per cent. for 1959 and 1960.

No sales figures are quoted by Laporte, the third of the trio, whose specialities include titanium and hydrogen peroxide. Like Monsanto and Albright, Laporte has shown doubled profits over the last five years. General slowing down in industry brought a pause in growth during 1958-59, with another in prospect for the year which ends next month. Shareholders' dividend, which was held steady from 1955 to 1958, has since been increased by roughly one-half with a 10½ per cent. payment indicated for 1961-62.

On past evidence, all these three companies should share in the favourable prospect now being suggested for the chemical industry. But two rather smaller companies might also prove rewarding for investors. One is F. W. Berk, the £4,000,000 heavy chemical group, which has recently been diversifying its business. Berk's profit growth was rapid in the later 1950's with earnings rising from £110,000 in 1956 to more than £300,000 in 1960. Now, even greater potential may lie in new interests. One of Berk's most important recent acquisitions has been St. Albans Sand and Gravel, a group with assets of £1,000,000.

One other smaller concern in the chemical industry, which has attracted a good deal of City interest, is the Greeff group. Greeff's operating business consists of merchanting and distributing a wide range of chemicals, pigments and pharmaceuticals. But the group's main attraction lies in its investments—notably a 9 per cent. holding in British Titan, a 6·7 per cent. interest in Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing (the Scotch tape company) and a 3·6 per cent. interest in Philblack. The importance of these holdings emerges from Greeff's 1960 balance sheet, where trade investments accounted for nearly three-quarters of the total business, or £2,945,000 out of £4,081,000. For investors, Greeff represents in effect a small-scale investment trust in the chemical industry, with its own business superimposed.

All this group of shares offers investors moderate income with prospects of useful capital gain. Dividend yields range from 4 per cent. to just over 5 per cent.: Monsanto is traditionally a low-yielder, mainly because of the controlling U.S. interest. Albright and Wilson and Laporte seem the best all-round choices for investors, with Greeff holding out interesting long-term possibilities.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

Scotch (and English) salmon are at their best from February to August. It is only right therefore that I should devote part of this column to a dish of Scotch salmon. It might serve as inspiration to my readers at the beginning of its best season. I met this dish in a small dining-room adjoining the huge bustling kitchens of The Dorchester when I was the guest for lunch of M. Eugène Kaufeler, the *Chef-de-Cuisine*. Such a meal always thrills me. It makes me feel that being entertained by one of the great masters of cooking, " in their own lair," so to speak, is bound to be an outstanding gastronomic experience. All possible circumstances are in favour of it being so: the time, the place, the materials, and, most important, the knowing eye of the *maître* himself.

Our first course was Scotch Salmon with Sorrel, which was a minor masterpiece in its simplicity and perfect harmony. Not only in taste, but eye-appeal too. The tender pink of the skinned salmon-tail looked most inviting. There was not the slightest effort at decoration. The fish was simply laid on its pale green-hued sauce. It had been skinned, larded and poached in white wine and stock, to which had been added a little butter, a bouquet garni and seasoning. The sauce was made of fresh sorrel, finely shredded and cooked very slowly in butter and its own juice, then mixed with cream and thickened with yolks of egg. All this was flavoured by the addition of some of the much reduced poaching liquid. The piece of salmon was simply laid on top of the sauce. Fresh sorrel is unfortunately not often seen in the average greengrocer's shop, but M. Kaufeler told me that it is imported and can be bought occasionally.

An old print of the royal villa of Moscatello, sold to the Cinzano family in 1893 by King Umberto I

I suppose it would not be quite playing the game if I stopped here, without describing the rest of our lunch.

The salmon was followed by *Carré d'Agneau de Lait* (baby lamb), well spiked with garlic, which detracted nothing from the delicate flavour. Such young lamb is not very common in this country. In France its best equivalent is the *agneau de lait de Pauillac*. It certainly deserves to be more popular here. It was accompanied by an assortment of simple spring vegetables. We concluded with a superb *Soufflé au Grand Marnier*, feather-light, and caramelised on top after it had been cooked. An original and delightful touch of genius were the sliced fresh peaches served with the soufflé.

As one would expect, M. Kaufeler has a connoisseur's understanding of wine as well. This proves once more my own conviction that the appreciation of food and wine are inseparable. With the salmon we drank a nicely balanced Hock from the Rheingau, a Rüdesheimer Hinterhaus Riesling 1957. The château-bottled Château Mouton-Rothschild 1952 was a perfect foil to the baby lamb. This is one of the great years for Mouton, a big, full-bodied long-lived wine, a true example of its parentage, remarkable for its mellowness, finesse and elegance, not usually achieved at such a young age.

I met in London recently Count Alberto Marone Cinzano, Vice-President and future head of the House of Cinzano, with Mr. Ercole Giordano, managing director of the London distributors. The occasion was the first showing here of a new colour film, telling " The Story of a Centuries-old Tradition," the story of Cinzano. The history of this old family business goes back nearly 300 years to its early beginnings at a small Piedmontese village called Pecetto. By 1816 the vermouths were so successful that Giovanni Francesco Cinzano opened a shop in Turin. The family's further efforts bore ample fruit, and by 1893 Enrico Cinzano was able to buy the royal estate of Moscatello from King Umberto I. An old print of the royal villa compared with a present-day view in the film shows little external change, but inside, and in the surrounding vineyards, and in the vast cellars the change is great; for we see the latest appliances in the service of a modern big industry.

Count Cinzano talked to me about the exceptionally rapid success of his company's sweet white vermouth, " Cinzano Bianco," in this country, only introduced ten years ago. He attributes this success to the fact that more and more British people are visiting Italy, and also to the growing popularity of other, unconnected Italian products, such as shoes and clothes. He expressed the hope that should Britain join the Common Market, and duties become lowered, Cinzano will become cheaper here, and Scotch whisky will become cheaper in Italy.

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MOTORING

THE EXPANDING A.A.

R.A.C.'s breakdown aid scheme; studded ice tyres; car protections; and other topics

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Mr. Tim Kelly, Secretary-General of the A.A., tells me his organisation enrolled new members last year at the record average rate of 1,000 a day. Yes, every day. This does not mean that A.A. membership during the year increased by 365,000, for there is a big daily "wastage" of members who die, go abroad, give up motoring or get fed up with the A.A. (which I am sure happens in very few cases, for, after all, members get quite a bit—or are entitled to—for their two guineas).

Says Kelly: "Because of the normal membership wastage which is bound to occur in an organisation like ours, it becomes increasingly difficult, as we get bigger, to show a net increase." In the last six years A.A. membership has increased by a million. It took from 1905 to 1950 to reach seven figures for the first time.

The A.A. chief, incidentally, thinks that regular radio bulletins for motorists, giving up-to-the-minute information about traffic and weather conditions, "will perhaps be part of our daily life in a year or two." It's too expensive for the A.A. to undertake on its own, though.

From the rival camp there is news that the number of motorists helped last year under the R.A.C.'s "Get you home" breakdown scheme increased by 8,000 to a new record figure. More than a third broke down through electrical troubles, including ignition, and the R.A.C. says that many of these troubles were due to inadequate maintenance. Nearly a third were held up with failure of the engine itself; and 2,368 drivers ran out of petrol.

A number of *Sphere* readers have written asking where they can buy the studded Dunlop ice tyres used on more than a third of the Monte Carlo Rally cars this year. The sad answer is that they cannot. They are currently available only to Rally drivers and, because they are hand-made, they each cost £10 more than ordinary tyres. For instance, a studded Duraband of the size needed for a Sunbeam Rapier costs £17 12s. For a Ford Anglia the price is £16 7s. 6d.; but when they are supplied for use in international rallies a 20 per cent. discount is offered.

The average number of steel studs in these special Durabands is about forty. They have tips of tungsten carbide. They remain effective on icy roads for between 3,000 and 5,000 miles, according to Dunlop experts. They can be used on dry roads (as happened in many cases on the Monte), but you get a less comfortable ride and the studs wear down to the tread after about 2,000 miles. You can go on using them after that without harm but with the inconvenience of a harder, noisier "ride."

Dunlop, I am officially informed, would put their studded Durabands into production on a scale that would bring the price down appreciably if they felt there was sufficient demand.

The same tyre company has lately had something to say about the problems of tyre adhesion on roads awash with rain water. There has been a good deal of speculation about the dangers involved in this problem, following a number of spectacular fatal accidents apparently caused by fast-moving cars suddenly getting out of control on very wet roads.

"There is a progressive reduction in adhesion with increased speed on wet roads, especially if there is any 'standing' water," commented a Dunlop technician. "Tread grip has increased by more than 50 per cent. in the last eight years, but when there is a thick film of water on the road it is difficult for the tyre to maintain contact with the road surface. In these conditions a sudden side gust, a quick change of direction or violent braking could provoke a serious skid. It is a good rule to cut your normal speed by 20 per cent. when the roads are wet."

The cost of a well-designed car cover can more than offset the deterioration in market value which inevitably occurs when a car is left in the open day in and day out. So to those motorists who have no garage I would strongly commend the Motomac, tailor-made for individual cars at Ford Place, South Ockendon, Essex.

They are made from the tough material—with a base of unbleached linen—used by the

Motomacs are tailor-made to fit the car closely

R.A.F. to protect the engines of parked aircraft. This is coated on the outside with powdered aluminium to deflect the heat of the sun. It is also coated on both sides with a synthetic material called Neoprene which is proof against extremes of heat and cold and is impervious to petrol and oil.

These tailored Motomacs fit beautifully, and are so manageable that they can be fitted with ease in the dark or when it is blowing hard. They roll up into a package about the size of a golf bag which can be easily carried in the boot of most cars, the weight being only 18 to 22 lb. Strips of foam rubber keep the fabric clear of the paintwork at vital points and by permitting a free circulation of air prevent harmful condensation.

Motomacs cost 39s. a foot (with a surcharge of £1 10s. for estate cars and vans). Typical prices: £19 10s. for a B.M.C. Mini cover and £30 0s. 5d. for a Humber Hawk.

Design, journal of the Council of Industrial Design, comments on British cars in its current issue. After praising the B.M.C. Mini as "a classic example of unity in design," it says the two new variants—the Wolseley Hornet and Riley Elf—"have all the appearance of afterthoughts. The results suggest an unhappy attempt to produce a medium-sized car by adding components to the basic version to increase its stature."

Design criticises the Ford Classic for providing a needlessly large luggage boot at the expense of leg room in the rear seat and, surprisingly, says that in general the Classic "has failed to live up to the high standards" set by its sister company in Germany—Ford of Cologne—with the Taunus.

The Singer Vogue is stigmatised as having an "assembly of isolated details" which produce "one of the ugliest frontal arrangements of any British car." Interesting!

Fresh from my reading of *Design* I want to write about the new Austin A60 Cambridge, which I recently road-tested. In appearance it is incomparably better than the A55 it replaces. Even B.M.C. in their publicity material speak of the "well subdued" fins. The new rear lamp clusters are neat and the revised radiator grille is more attractive.

A lengthened wheelbase gives more room to the people in the rear seat yet the car's overall length has been usefully reduced by nearly 4 ins. The track has been widened, back and front, the car's overall height has been lowered and the suspension has been stiffened.

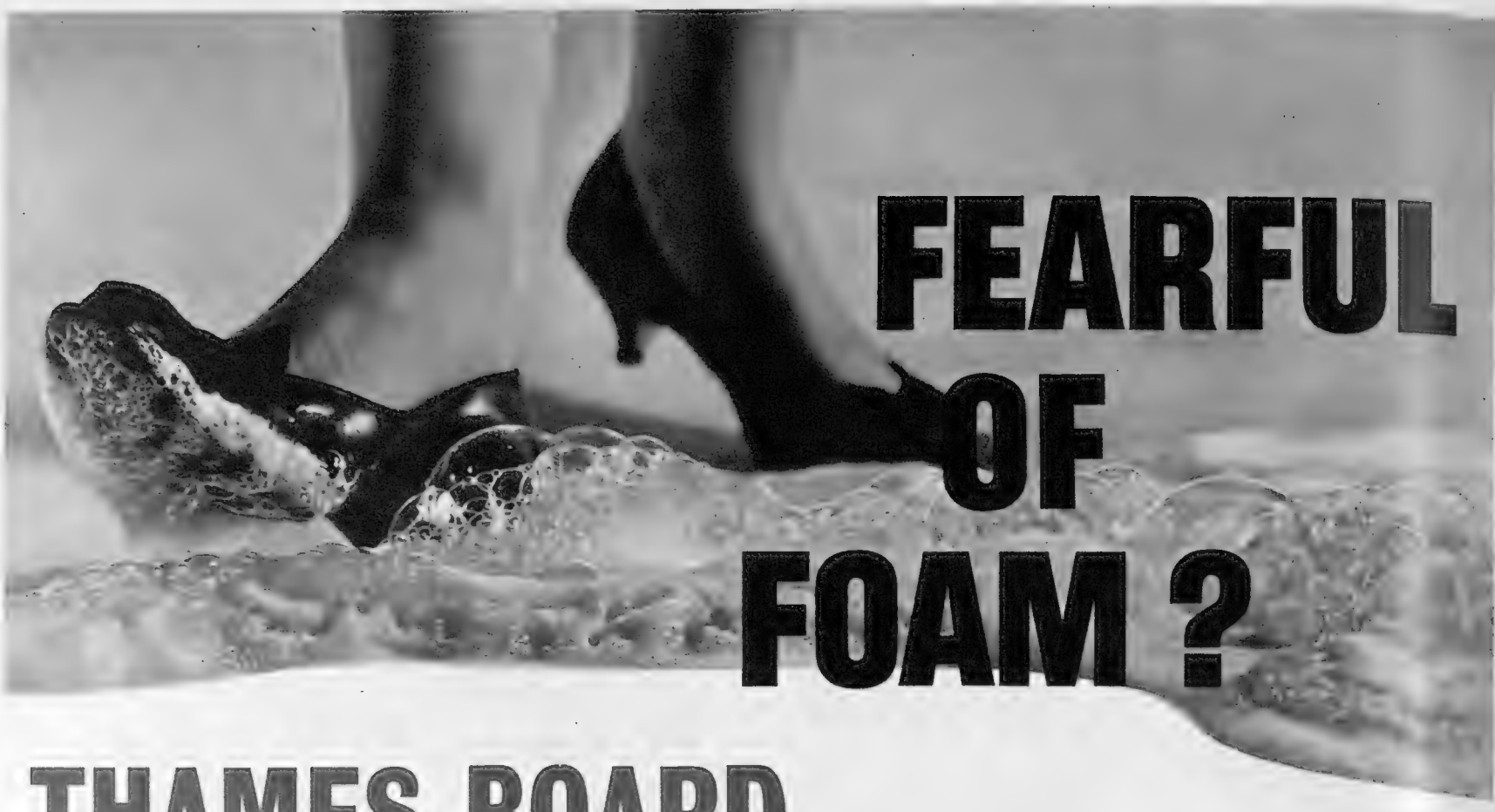
The engine has been bored out to 76·2 mm. to increase its capacity to 1,622 c.c. (from 1,489), and it now gives 61 b.h.p. at 4,500 r.p.m. This means a top speed of over 80 m.p.h. and happy cruising at 70 (5 m.p.h. more than was the case with the A55). Here is a car which is much more than an improved version of the A55, especially when you take into account the availability (for £99 extra) of the new, lightweight Borg-Warner automatic gear-box.

The bigger "B" Series B.M.C. engine is well suited to the use of this new transmission, which makes the joys of the torque-converter type of self-changing gears available for the first time to quantity-built family saloons of less that 2 litres. This new Borg-Warner box—Model 35—changes up into second at 20 and into top at 40 on a light throttle, but if you keep your foot down the upward changes are delayed to 26 and 50 m.p.h. respectively. By moving the control lever into the "L" position you can retain middle gear for overtaking and engine braking.

The standard Cambridge costs £854. For £30 more the de luxe model offers such refinements as real leather upholstery. Petrol mileage, with either manual or automatic gear-box, works out at between 25 and 30 to the gallon, according to load and driving methods.

The A60 Cambridge saloon can have a Borg-Warner automatic gear-box

Briefly . . . . Now available for 10s. is a 12-oz. pressurised tin of Molyslip liquid grease containing molybdenum disulphide and which can be squirted into awkward corners to banish squeaks and rattles. . . . To encourage promising young racing drivers Veedol, Mr. Paul Getty's oil company, is offering a 1963 Lotus Junior and part of the cost of running it as a prize in a competition this year in conjunction with the British Automobile Racing Club's jubilee.



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But not Mr. P. He went to the Thames Board experts. Together they developed a way of packing the detergents in polythene cubes inside "Fiberite" cases. The cases (perforated for easy pouring) are made of "Aquapruf" board developed during the war for dumping supplies on invasion beaches. These "Fiberite" cases are so liquid-proof, that they have even survived being tethered in the River Thames for several weeks.

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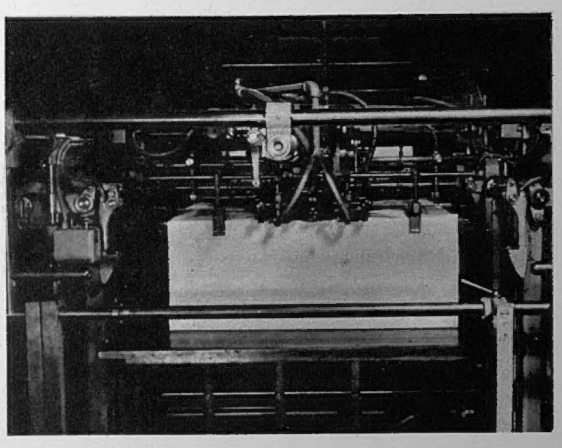

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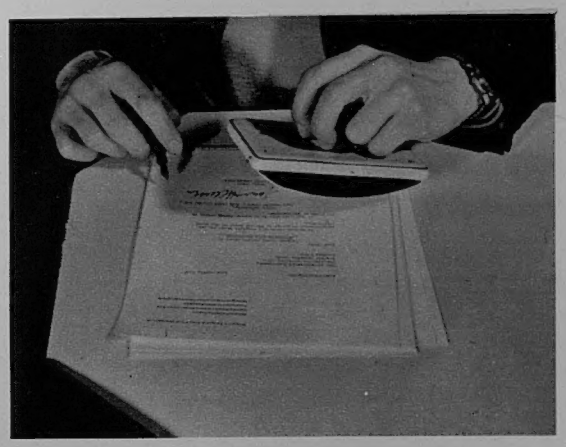

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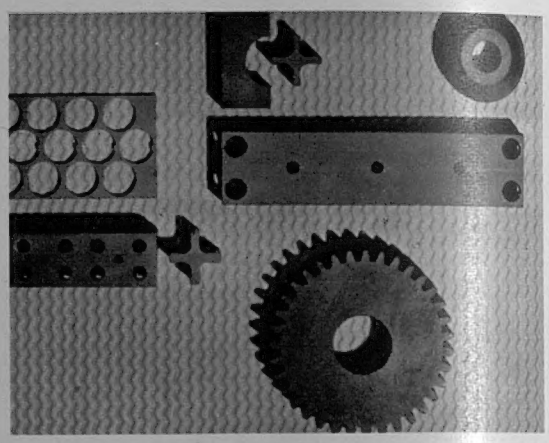

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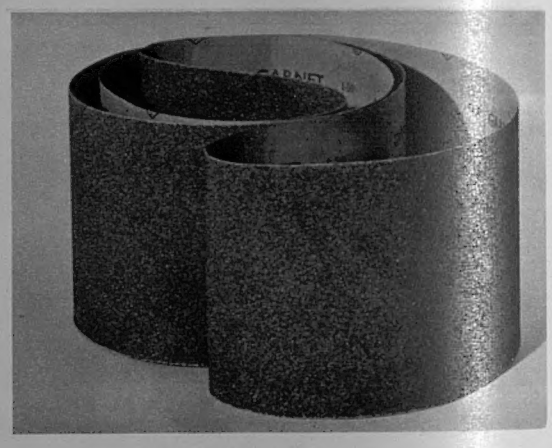

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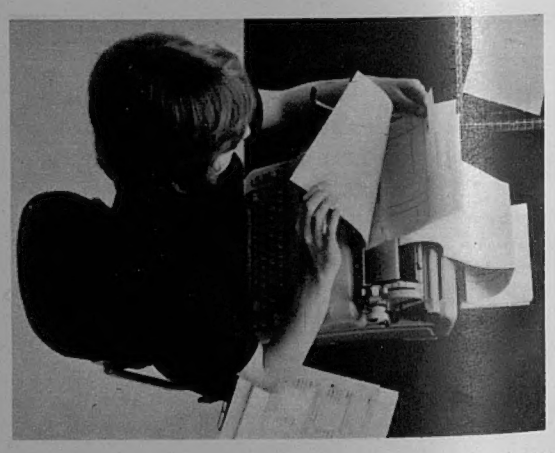

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

TEENIES AND TEENAGERS is my theme song this week because at this time of the year, however wintry the weather may be, wise parents must look ahead and book up now for their children's summer holidays. Now, as children is a generic term, I will dissect my thoughts into babes, fledgelings, inexperienced persons between two and ten, and teenagers.

Babes present no real problem, as, bless their little hearts, they sleep most of the day, coo and cry and couldn't care less whether the shore is sandy, and whether the hotel is licensed or Daddy pops down to the local. The thing for young mothers is to make sure that the hotel of their choice has a co-operative management who will supply cots, provide washing, ironing and airing facilities and also provide a "listening-in" service of an evening so that parents may have a few hours' holiday themselves.

Generally speaking, hoteliers which cater for babes are also attuned to the unpredictable antics of fledgelings. For example, to save the embarrassment of parents whose children are obstreperous in the dining-room, a bedroom tray service is often organised. Some hotels also have a children's-only dining-room. Thus by a process of graduation the growing child realises that meals in one's bedroom means that he or she is still "baby": in the children's dining-room they are not yet "grown-ups," but when they reach the hotel restaurant proper they feel on the way to taking wing and becoming teenagers.

Teenager holiday problems should be easier of solution, for they often share their parents' enjoyment. Yet are they? Often with a number of children parents are confronted with finding a holiday base where many tastes will be catered for and the solution is either a popular resort or an hotel largely self-contained in holiday entertainment.

Clearly, I cannot hope to list all those hotels that I can recommend for Teenies and Teenagers, so I will restrict myself to a few, and should you be interested in other districts than those mentioned I should be pleased to hear from you—but a stamped, addressed envelope for my reply, please.

Possibly the best example of an hotel catering for children of every age is *Knoll House Hotel*, Studland Bay, Dorset. Founded by the late Chris Smith, Colonel and Mrs. Ferguson, the new owners, continue to enhance the Knoll House reputation as an outstanding hotel for family holidays. Here will be found every possible amenity to make parents' lot a happy one. From separate kitchen, dining-room and playroom for tots and fledgelings, growing youth of the clambering age have the model of an old sailing-ship to develop muscles on. For teenagers and parents, sands, safe bathing, sailing, golf, tennis courts, riding stables, even a full-size cricket ground are at hand. I do not know of any other hotel in the country where so much is laid on, and where every member of the family can be so well content. Weekly terms for adults run from 13 gns., with varying reductions for children dependent upon age and accommodation required.

If you have a fancy for the bracing East Coast, one choice for you would be *Raven Hall Hotel*, Ravenscar, on the cliff-face ten miles north of Scarborough. Here again is an admirable example of an all-purpose family hotel opening at Whitsun and closing at the end of September. The first attraction is a clean and clear outdoor swimming-pool, heated at a pleasant temperature and protected from wind by glass screens which act as splendid shelters for sun-bathing. For those more energetically disposed, *Raven Hall* provides hard tennis courts and putting green, a private nine-hole golf course and nearby riding stables. Indoors there need never be a dull moment. Billiards, ballroom, "movies" and a host to arrange competitions, tournaments, treasure hunts, and so on. Weekly terms from 15 gns.

There is a tendency to turn one's thoughts seawards when contemplating a family holiday, but there are times of the year—as, for example, Easter—when I would direct parents' thoughts to *Oatlands Park Hotel*, Weybridge, where Teenies and Teenagers need never obtrude on their elders or vice versa.

What a galaxy of activities can be enjoyed indoors and out! A particularly fine swimming-pool, a sandpit for tots, squash, tennis, croquet, bowls, an 18-hole sporting golf course, billiards, table tennis, television, and in the handsome ballroom a Saturday-night dance which is an ever-popular weekly event. Weekly terms from 12 gns., and very good value, too.

An hotel which impressed me tremendously last September as a wonderful family hotel was the *Atholl Palace Hotel*, Pitlochry, which has abandoned the policy of catering to coach parties and has reverted to catering for the family holiday and especially for those of public-school and varsity age.

The *Atholl Palace* has a threefold appeal: (1) for self-contained family holidays at inclusive terms that are fully competitive with those of higher-graded hotels; (2) a splendid pivotal point for touring the Highlands (their brochure outlines fourteen different trips ranging from 38 miles to 179½); and (3) as a venue for conferences prior to or after the holiday season (that is, before May or after the end of September).

Throughout the season the *Atholl Palace* management organises various sporting competitions on a weekly basis. Dancing to a resident orchestra takes place nightly on weekdays (a concert on Sundays) and on Highland occasions, such as the Open Amateur Golf Championship, the Braemar Royal Gathering and the annual lawn tennis championships on the hotel courts, the *Atholl Palace* reaches its holiday peak. Weekly terms from 15 gns.

For parents who would seek pastures new, I would throw out the hint that Ireland should be considered, and the hotel which first comes to my mind as admirably adapted for young children is the *Strand Hotel*, Rosslare, reached by direct steamer from Fishguard to Rosslare. We cannot recall any other hotel in Ireland so advantageously placed for sands and safe bathing. No road to cross, no cliff to climb—just the hotel lawn and with the Rosslare golf links only five minutes from the hotel.

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AUNTIE B

as her relatives refer to her, flies to London with undiminished frequency (in spite of her eighty and more years) and, as always, makes what she terms her London hive at

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one of the eight North Group of London hotels, situated in South Kensington and conveniently placed for Underground and overground public transport services. Her liking for ONSLOW COURT HOTEL, she tells us, is fourfold: (1) it offers like the rest of the Group, the best hotel value in London; (2) it is relatively quiet at night; (3) she can get (and feels she is entitled to at her age) her own bathroom and accompaniments; and (4) she enjoys the varied choice in menus and especially her favourite honey for breakfast.

Write to Miss F. Queen, M. F. North Ltd., 14, Cromwell Place, S.W.7 (Kensington 1212), for a list of the North Group and Tariffs (from 30s. a night B. and B.).

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